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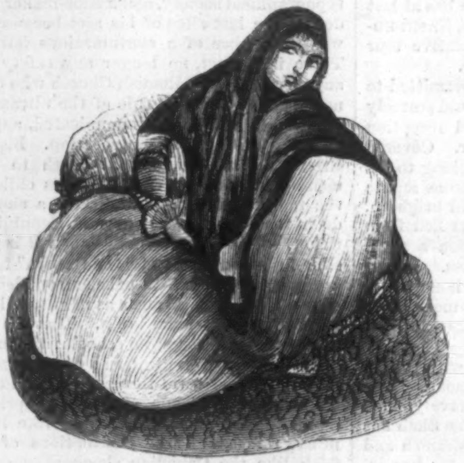
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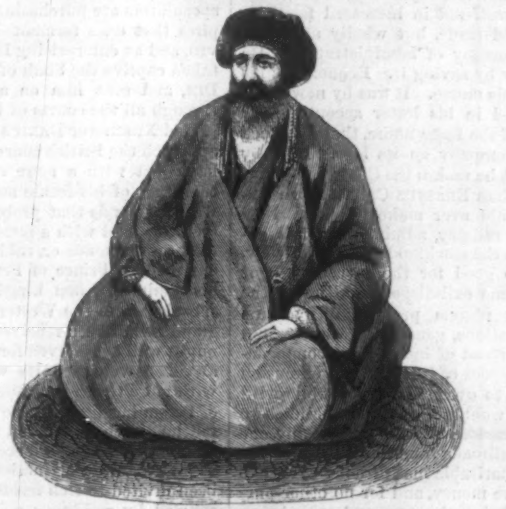
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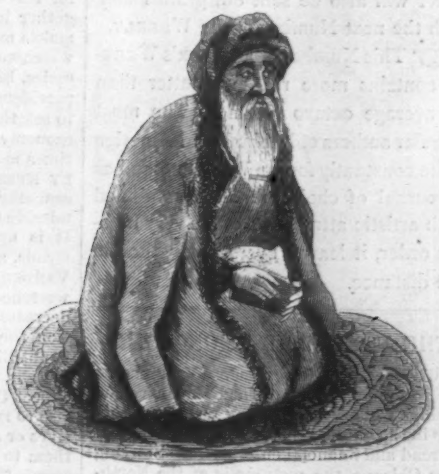
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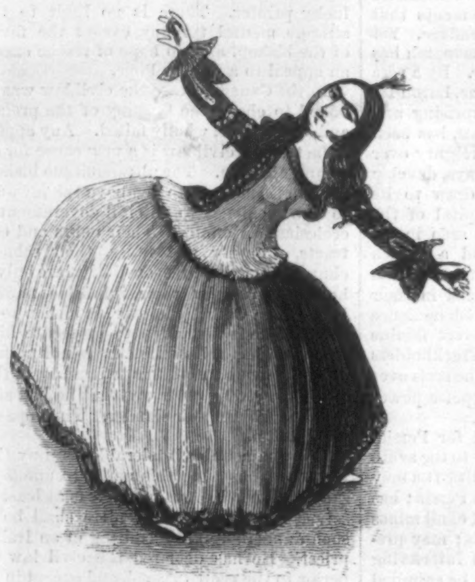
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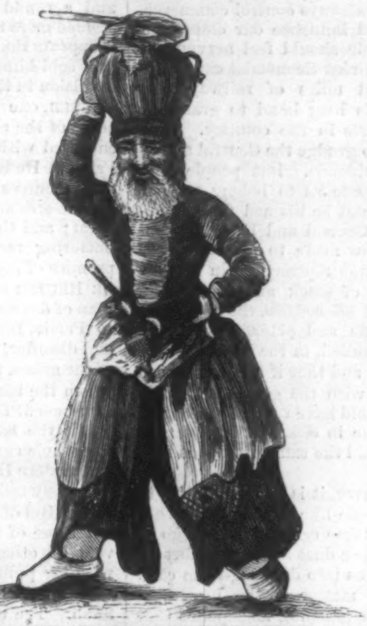
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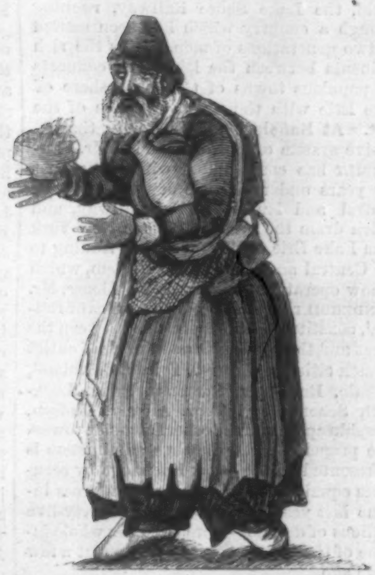
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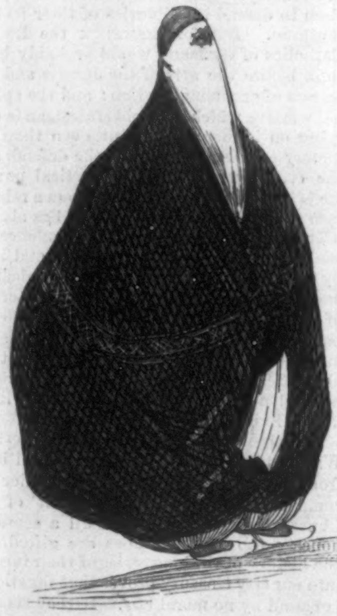
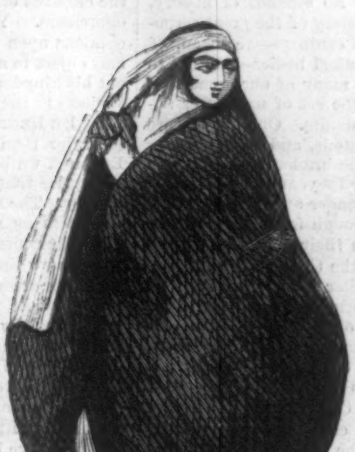
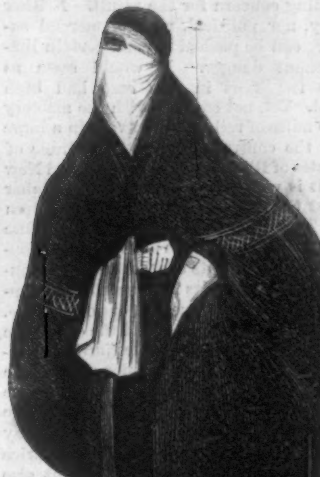

PERSIAN LADY IN OUT-DOOR COSTUME.


PERSIAN WOMAN MAKING EYES AT A MAN.


PERSIAN LADY AND DAUGHTER.

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN PERSIA.—BY A NATIVE ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 26, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

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THE VANDERBILT MONOPOLY.

The election of Commodore Vanderbilt to the presidency of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway marks another step in the gradual consolidation of our great railroad and financial enterprises. Starting from Chicago, the metropolis of the Northwest, and the greatest grain dépôt in the world, the Lake Shore Railway, running through a country which has been settled for two generations of men, drains the rich peninsula between the lakes, and connects the populous towns of the south shore of Lake Erie with the railway system of the East. At Buffalo it connects with the extensive system of railroads which Mr. Vanderbilt has consolidated within the past few years under the title of the New York Central and Hudson River Railway, and which drain the best counties of New York from Lake Erie to Westchester. Adding to the Central and Hudson the Harlem, which is now operated under a perpetual lease, Mr. Vanderbilt thus controls 2150 miles of railway, constituting the main line between the West and the sea-board, and the chief outlet of such cities as Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Lockport, Schenectady, Troy, Albany, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and the other river-side towns. The property which he thus administers is represented on the Stock Exchange by securities equal to $215,000,000, and its gross income last year was not less than forty-five millions of dollars—more than the whole income of the United States government a few years ago.

It is impossible to contemplate this vast aggregation of money power and commercial control in the hands of one man without feeling concern for the result. Neither military, nor political, nor commercial supremacy can be pushed beyond certain limits without danger. It would seem as though the limit in this case had been reached. Yet, not content with the mastery of 2150 miles of railway, involving in a large degree the control of the internal trade of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and New York, it is well understood that in October next, at the annual election of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Commodore will enter into possession of that great property likewise, with its sixty or seventy thousand miles of wires, its forty millions of capital, and its eight or nine millions of revenue. When this occurs, not only will the commerce of the four chief States of the North be subject to Mr. Vanderbilt—under such feeble restrictions as our Legislatures may impose—but the whole telegraphic correspondence of the country will obey his law. He may prescribe not only what shall be the price of a barrel of flour in New York, but also when, how, and at what cost citizens may communicate with each other by telegraph.

Of course he will be subject to legislative control. What that will amount to we all know. In the past no Legislature in this State has ever dared to beard him. He will be a bold man, indeed, who attempts to do so now, when his resources are so unbounded and his power so far-reaching. It was said that the late James Fisk, Jun., who controlled a paltry 450 miles of Erie, running through a half-settled country, could on an emergency bring 25,000 votes into the field. At how many votes, then, must we reckon the master of 2150 miles of railway through a thickly settled country, and 70,000 miles of telegraph? It is, moreover, one thing to pass laws, and quite another to execute them against a man fertile in resource, energetic in action, obstinate in combat, and inexhaustible in purse. We have some fine laws prescribing the rate of fare on the Central and Hudson, but every traveler knows that if he would be comfortable he must pay thirty to forty per cent. extra for a seat in a drawing-room car.

If, again, the concentration of these great enterprises in one grasp were likely to be attended with a reduction of the cost of travel and the burdens of trade, or if it insured improved facilities to keep pace with the development of the country, these would be redeeming features in the Vanderbilt régime. But great as Mr. Vanderbilt undoubtedly is as a railway manager, his greatness shows itself not in increased facilities for travel and trade, but wholly and altogether in economy of administration. He makes money by saving it. Economy is his watchword, his motto. It was by new economies, he said in his letter accepting the presidency of the Lake Shore, that he hoped to set that company on its legs. It is by economy that he makes the Central pay four times more than Erastus Corning or Henry Keep could ever make it yield. Now economy in railway administration is admirable from the stockholders' point of view. It is not so good for the traveler. If it means, as some evil-disposed critics of the Vanderbilt régime pretend, filthy cars, wretched stations, general discomfort, and decreased instead of increased accommodation, the prospect of its indefinite extension is not likely to overwhelm the public with delight. It would, of course, be childish to expect Commodore Vanderbilt or any one else to run railroads from philanthropic motives or as charitable institutions. He runs them to make money, and for no other purpose. This being the case, and such being his policy, it is not surprising, considering how extensively railways control commerce, govern prices, and influence our closest interests, that people should feel nervous at the news of this Great Economist capturing another thousand miles of railway, and stretching out his long hand to grasp all the telegraph wires in the country. It is probably unfair to grudge the Central stockholders their dividends. But people who are not so fortunate as to belong to that happy class can not be blamed for remembering that the Central and Hudson property, which is now made to pay dividends on $115,000,000, was represented in 1862 by only $50,000,000 of stock and bonds, and really cost about $35,000,000, the difference between this sum and $115,000,000 being mostly what is called, in the jargon of the street, "water;" and that if there had been no water mixed with the good old Central wine, the road could have carried passengers at one cent a mile in clean, well-ventilated cars, and have paid the same dividends that it does now.

In truth, however, it is a small matter to a prosperous people like ourselves whether we pay one or three cents a mile to go to Albany, or whether dust and discomfort do or do not drive us into drawing-room cars. A much graver matter is the inevitable tendency of these grasping monopolies that are springing up around us, and the inexorable law which punishes corporate greed with confiscation. No student of history, especially of the history of the great corporations of the last century—we mean, of course, the ecclesiastical bodies—can fail to discern the fate of many of our great railway companies. One set of men after another growls and submits. One Legislature after another threatens, and is cajoled or bought off. But the intolerable oppression continues, and year by year the instinct of rebellion grows stronger and stronger, until it has coherence enough for demagogues to make it a plank in their platforms. Then no man can stem the tide or set a limit to party fury or popular injustice. You can hear the first mutterings of the storm in the queer proceedings of the "granges" at the West. Already, monstrous as it may seem, judiciary elections turn on railway against anti-railway. Even Congress the other day, in its fury over the Crédit Mobilier, stopped but little short of confiscation in its proceedings against the Union Pacific. How long will it be before some party in this State seriously proposes to tax the Central all it makes on its watered stock? Is there no Ben Butler in the Western counties to ride this magnificent hobby-horse into Albany and Washington? When the Central was borrowing money to pay three per cent. half yearly it seemed mean to tax it. But now, with a revenue of twenty-five millions, Aristides himself might vote to confiscate. Idle to talk about measures being unconstitutional. Constitutions can be changed as well as laws, and when the day comes for the spoliation of the railways, neither vested rights nor common honesty are likely to obtain a hearing.

HEBREW AND PERSIAN.

Ominous indeed to all their persecutors is the swift and unexampled progress of the Hebrew race. Always preserving their industry and moral vigor, their intellectual progress, through every period of oppression, always the benefactors of barbarous Europe, its teachers as well as its capitalists, the Israelites are in our day almost the masters of European civilization. They influence the press and the telegraph, the news and the literature, the money markets and the debts, of most modern communities. Intelligent Jews edit the best journals of Italy and Austria, Semitic merchants regulate the exchanges of Europe and America, Hebrew speculators are purchasing the Oriental empires that once tormented the land of David, and an enterprising Israelite has at last taken captive the Shah of Persia, Nasir-ed-Din, and sent him on a speculative tour through all the courts of Europe.

Had Xerxes or Darius been permitted to approach the British court, he could scarcely have met with a more splendid reception than that of his feeble successor. Covered with diamonds that probably belong to his creditors, and with a semi-barbarous repute that no diamonds or rubies could brighten, our modern Prince of Persia has fled from his famine-stricken kingdom upon a royal speculation to the Western courts. In England he has been received with honors that might well be reserved for better men. Royalty has welcomed its wandering brother with more than usual liberality. The Shah of Persia has been overpowered with the attentions of the noble and the famous. Even the people of England seem to have yielded to his glittering attractions. The Shah has been invited to rich feasts by aldermen and courted by assiduous mayors. He has escaped in safety from a throng of admirers and a round of festive engagements that seemed more than mortal could endure. Yet it appears that the embarrassed monarch has just sold himself to a speculator. By a rare revulsion in the history of nations, Baron de Reuter, one of the most enterprising and acute of the children of Abraham, has been endowed with a monetary sovereignty over Persia. He is to build its railways, develop the resources of the country, draw to its famine-stricken borders the capital of the West; and the Shah may have seen in his flattering reception in England a golden promise of successful speculation. If Baron de Reuter and the Shah succeed in their plan of drawing a stream of British opulence to Persia, they may, perhaps, avert famine and disorder, however little the stockholders of the mines, the railways, and the serfs over whom the baron gives them despotic power may benefit from the enterprise.

But the bargain seems hard for Persia. The whole country is farmed out to the acute and modern Daniel. Baron de Reuter may make any railways he pleases in Persia; has the control of forests, canals, and of all mines but those of the precious metals; may prevent all other speculators from interfering with the public works, and will be supplied with cheap labor by the authority of the Shah. The unhappy people are to be compelled, it seems, to labor for their Hebrew master. The retribution is complete, and the children of Israel rule over their ancient oppressors. Yet possibly, with our novel opinions upon personal freedom, some of us may object to a wandering sovereign letting out his kingdom like a farm, and placing his subjects in the hands of a foreign task-master. De Reuter will probably prove a better ruler than the Shah; but few even in England, we believe, will care to join in an enterprise that may produce a new form of slavery. The English people may seize with eagerness an opportunity which will give them the control of a kingdom that may afford a new line of resistance to the southward progress of Russia; but they can scarcely take part in a bargain that is to be fulfilled by all the terrors of despotism. They must amend the terms of the contract so as to give freedom and liberal pay to the Persian laborers, if they would avoid the general reproach of civilization.

Baron de Reuter, the new Prince of Persia, will have before him no common opportunity for benefiting a miserable nation. He will first, no doubt, remove all those pains that weigh upon his fellow-Hebrews in the barbarous region, and which the impassive, not to say unmannerly, Shah refused to hear of or to lighten when applied to by a Hebrew deputation at Berlin. He will be obliged to reanimate those deserted provinces where the people have been prostrated and wasted by famine and plague; and if he can throw a new air of prosperity over a fallen nation, he will not have brought the Shah to Europe in vain. The example is a suggestive one. We may have stock companies formed for managing all the Oriental empires. Egypt and Syria may fall into the hands of stock-jobbers, and Jerusalem be purchased by an association of brokers. Possibly even France and Spain may be at last creditably governed by a joint-stock company, and Bourbons and Napoleons be restricted from the costly luxuries of warfare and usurpation. And in this reform Hebrew common-sense will have had no light share.

THE GERMANS AND THE JESUITS.

Not the least effective proof of the rising claims of the papal power is its liberal use of the terrors of the Church. Its excommunications and its curses fall with as lavish a profusion as in the days of Innocent III. In a recent and remarkable instance in Canada a printer was denied burial in consecrated ground because he had belonged to a typographical society, and a shoe-maker was denied the last rites of his sect because he was a member of a contumacious *institut*. There is, in fact, no longer any safety for any member of the Romish Church who does not obey the strictest rule of the ultramontanes. He may be excommunicated, apparently, on the slightest provocation. Bishop Gilmour threatens eternal death to any member of his flock who sends his child to the public school, and indicates a similar doom to every one who votes the Republican ticket. Indeed, we do not see how it is possible for any member of "the Church" to be a Republican. He is at once surrounded by such a cloud of anathemas as might well appall the most rational brain. There is the anathema against public schools; the curse against modern civilization; the denunciation of the liberties of the press. He is at the mercy of every bishop, and of every priest; he may be driven from the altar like Bunbury, refused all the consolations of his faith like the Canadian shoe-maker, or be cast out unburied from his fold like the unlucky printer. There is no limit to this strange mental tyranny except the favors of the bishop, and no hope of rescue except an appeal to a foreign Pope.

In the Canadian case the civil law was invoked to check the tyranny of the prelate, and, we believe, wholly failed. Any appeal, in fact, to the civil law is a new cause for excommunication. The ultramontane bishops declare themselves to be above the law, and to owe obedience to no civil government in ecclesiastical affairs. Their debts and contracts, property and taxes, their schools, churches, conduct, responsibility, are only to be scrutinized by their infallible master. If a Roman Catholic knows his bishop to be a rogue, he is forbidden to prosecute him; if a priest has robbed him, he is not permitted to complain of the offense. Father O'Keeffe's only error was that he had sued priest and bishop for slander. The Pope degraded him.

It is against this intolerable tyranny that Bismarck has aimed his most strenuous assaults. The vigorous minister is at least resolved that in Germany there shall be no such dangerous intermeddling of an Italian priest. He has declared the civil law superior to the ecclesiastical, and except in his peculiar province the Pope has no authority in Germany. The Germans have once more risen to defend the liberties of their feebler brethren. But for Bismarck the Roman Catholics of Germany would probably have sunk before the arts of the Jesuits and the terrors of excommunication; and the spiritual warfare which the bold statesman is carrying on is more important even than his victory over France. He is the defender of the civil against the ecclesiastical power. He is laboring to save Europe from a relapse into a fresh barbarism. Cruelty has always been the chief trait of savage decadence, of the Patagonian or the Feejeean; and it is by threats of violence, by excommunication and insults to the dead, by all the terrors of brutal passion, that the ultramontanes in both hemispheres assail their opponents, and hope finally to crush forever all national and religious liberty. If they are disappointed, no small part of the honor will be due to Bismarck and to the Germans.

The recent attempt of a Jesuit priest on Ward's Island to seize upon a chapel built from the emigration fund and plunder the common treasury for the benefit of his Church shows with how small a sense of honesty the ultramontanes are gifted, and the history of the long series of their inroads into our city treasury proves that fanaticism is bound by no moral law. If they succeed in ruling us again, there will be no limit to the robberies of the Church. Under the terrors of excommunication, what official will dare to be honest? Before the threats of the uneducated voters, what will be the powers of resistance remaining to their least corrupted leaders? The policy of M'Mahon may be imitated in New York. And it is the duty of the German population to rise in a united body against the ultramontanes here if they would shield their countrymen from new dangers on the Rhine. On the conduct of the German race in Europe and America rests the cause of civilization.

The retirement from active political life of the great German statesman, whether temporary or final, will not alter the impress he has set upon the German intellect and German policy. His influence will be felt, perhaps, more strongly when he no longer holds an apparent official rule. Bismarck has arrayed all Germany in a united phalanx against M'Mahon and France, has led the German intellect in a crusade against spiritual despotism. To divide the German race in both hemispheres will be the aim of all the reactionists.

OUR PUBLIC WORKS.

As the sentiment of community grows among us, and each citizen learns that of the ample domain of the nation, rich in the magnificence of forest and mountain, river and lake, prairie and woodland, he and his family hold an indefeasible share, that under a republican government labor is the master, and wins whatever it desires, there has arisen a resolution on the part of the people to secure their own comfort and that of their posterity by preserving those natural advantages which only their own neglect can weaken or destroy. Reaching from ocean to ocean, from the frosts of Alaska to the ceaseless summer of the South, our national territory needs only the attention of all its occupants to make it by their common labor the most prosperous abode of man. To cultivate, embellish, and protect this fortunate region will be the favorite aim of the community. We suspect that the chief and most popular measures of our national and State governments will be those that encourage internal improvement, and prepare a convenient abode for future millions. Every one is anxious to save our forests from destruction; to preserve the beauty and purity of our rivers; to provide irrigation for dry regions, and drainage for the marshy; to treat the whole of our vast territory as if it were a single farm, to be tilled, adorned, and reaped for the benefit of the republic.

One of the most important projects for the improvement of the national domain is that of irrigation at the base of the Rocky Mountains. It is supposed that the heavy rains that fall almost uselessly upon those stony heights may be so economized and directed as to bring fertility to millions of acres below; that immense tracts of barren land may be brought under cultivation, and a region larger than many a European kingdom may be restored to the use of man. The power of skillful irrigation is immense. For six centuries the busy people of Lombardy have been occupied with these useful works. The waters of the Alps have been diffused over once arid plains. And to-day the richest, most populous and productive soil of Europe is that which has been created by the skill of Italian engineers. By a careful use of its mountains and rivers, by a wonderful net-work of canals and basins, Lombardy has been made to teem with never-failing crops. That the Rocky Mountains may be rendered as valuable as the Alps, though on a far wider scale, can not be doubted. Their never-failing streams may create a paradise of labor in the heart of the continent. Not less valuable is the suggestion of the Park Commissioners of the State of New York. We still possess a vast forest of more than eight hundred thousand acres in the northern part of the State. Under the name of the Adirondacks it is well known to pleasure seekers, and to lumbermen and tanners. Here an almost unbroken wilderness lingers close to our most opulent seats of trade, and by a happy chance we have yet the opportunity of saving an enormous forest from destruction. The land is almost valueless for agriculture. Its inhabitants are few. But it is supposed to play a most important part in securing the welfare and maintaining the prosperity of the State. From the heavy rain-falls collected in the forests of the Adirondacks the Hudson gathers a large part of that mighty stream which sweeps through the Highlands and forms the harbor and the greatness of the metropolis. If the Adirondacks were swept bare of their foliage and their woodlands, it is believed that the river would be deprived of a large share of its abundant waters. It is proposed, therefore, by the Commissioners, to form the whole region into a public park, to preserve its forest trees untouched, and, before it is too late, save the sources of the Hudson from a certain decay. We believe they will have the whole sentiment of the community with them, and that every citizen will support a measure in which the whole State has a lasting interest.

Another interesting national work is the formation of the Yellow Stone Park. In the centre of the most wonderful of our national scenery we are to preserve a magnificent domain for the recreation of the whole people. We have no leisure to notice the other public works that are rising each day upon the attention of the country—the deepening of rivers, the widening of canals, the levees and embankments at the mouth of the Mississippi, the improvement of the Red River and the Arkansas, the canals of the South, the railways and harbors of the North. Yet it is worthy of remark that our popular Government labors without distinction for the benefit of every section; that its favors fall equally upon those who have assailed and those who have maintained it; and that our people, moulded into one united community, are desirous of spreading an equal prosperity over every section of the land. The gifts of the nation are bestowed equally upon all.

FLORIDA'S DEBT.

If every embarrassed Southern State would imitate the course of Florida, there would at least be no doubt as to the condition of its finances. Florida has just published an account of its debt. We presume that it is perfectly accurate, and it shows that the whole liability of the State is under $5,000,000. Of this amount $3,000,000 are bonds guaranteed for railway objects. If the railway succeeds, the State will not be obliged to pay the interest. Hence the actual debt is less than $2,000,000, while the valuation of the State at a low figure is over $30,000,000. The result is not discouraging for a community that for ten years has been ravaged by a violent rebellion, by a long reign of Ku-Klux outrages, and a resolute persistence on the part of the Democracy to ruin the reputation and the prosperity of the State. Nowhere were the acts of the Democratic associations more infamous or more bloody than in Florida. Human nature will forever blush at the unheard-of immoralities and cruelties of many of its young men. But we believe this period of disorder is passing away, that some sense of shame has reached even the most corrupt of the opposition leaders, and that an immigration of wiser and better men will at last bring to the State industry, decency, and humanity.

The soil of Florida seems chiefly suited for the cultivation of fruits and early vegetables for the Northern markets, and as a winter resort for Northern invalids. But for the ceaseless political disturbances and outrages it might already have won a large share of immigration, and have seen its more fertile lands teeming with semi-tropical productions. There are, indeed, no more valuable sites than the whole line of coast from the Savannah swamps to the point of Florida for the purposes of winter residences, and for the practical and industrious cultivator. The indolent population will pass off. The wasteful and idle have no secure resting-place any where. But it is probable that not many decades will pass away before the thin and languishing community that now faintly cultivates its willing soil will be covered up in a stream of immigration and renewed by a foreign intermixture.

The sooner this change can be brought about the better for the welfare of all its people, and the government of Florida has already set a useful example to other States in the exhibition of its actual debt and its prospects. We should be glad to know more of its resources. It would be satisfactory to all the people to hear what railways it possesses, what is the product of its agriculture, how far good order is preserved in its midst, whether the desperate men who once ruled its politics have been punished or suppressed, whether honesty and economy have been introduced into its finances, and whether the country is yet sufficiently quieted to welcome the return of orderly citizens. There is, no doubt, a necessity for a rigorous reform of morals and education in most of the Southern States before they can deserve confidence.

THE RECORD OF A USEFUL LIFE.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just published the *Life of the Rev. Alfred Cookman*, by Henry B. Ridgaway, D.D., with an introduction by the Rev. R. S. Foster, LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This volume has many features that distinguish it from most of the works in the department of religious biography which have lately come from the press. The Rev. Alfred Cookman, whose life is here mirrored without any of the exaggeration which might have resulted from friendship, was a successful, earnest, magnetic man, a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He sprang from an English family of considerable note, and was the son of the late Rev. George Cookman, one of the most celebrated pulpit orators and platform speakers of the last generation of American divines. Dr. Ridgaway has succeeded in introducing into his work not merely the life of one man, Alfred Cookman, but other men whose characters form a fit setting for the main one. We have a real man before us—not the fictitious being which a too friendly hand too often pictures to the reader's mind. While there is an absence of all literary ostentation throughout the work, there is every where present the evidence of the most scrupulous care, wide reading in the best departments of biography, and a thorough comprehension of the high responsibilities of the delineator of a public character.

We predict for the work a hearty reception by the public, and a permanent place in the religious literature of our country. The letters to children in this volume—without specifying much on which we would like to linger—are among the very best that have ever fallen under our eye.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at a recent school festival in Boston, said that "the advantages afforded to the scholar in that city are not surpassed by those in any other city of the world. He was a little afraid that people did not read quite as good books as their fathers read. They should read Plutarch, Miss Edgeworth's stories (published by the Harpers); and he hoped they would read and accept such other influences as would fit them to be the men and women that society needed." What Boston really needs for her young just now is a wide diffusion of the publications of the house above mentioned. A more elevated moral tone and healthier public sentiment generally would be the natural result of acting promptly on this suggestion.

—The Sultan of Turkey is ill—really sick—a victim of devouring appetite and "hypo." No food can appease his hunger, no amusements can prevent his outbursts of fury and martial extravagances. A couple of lambs a day to him are as a couple of doughnuts to a Yankee. But he is honest, makes verses, and writes an exquisite hand; and he sends to mosques all over Turkey beautifully illuminated verses from the Koran, which are hung up for the admiration of the faithful. He loves justice—as the Scotch lady appreciated love—in the abstract.

—Hon. Clarkson N. Potter and his brother Mr. Howard Potter have erected a beautiful chapel and alumni hall for Union College, of which their grandfather, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, was president, and of which their younger brother, the Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, is president.

—In Colonel Forney's capital *Anecdotes of Public Men* we find the following allusion to Caleb Cushing, written in December, 1871: "As a newspaper writer Mr. Cushing is unsurpassed. While I was one of the editors of the national Democratic organ during Pierce's administration, Attorney-General Cushing, although deeply immersed in the business of his department, hardly let a day pass without sending me an editorial on some subject, and he frequently aided me on the Washington *Chronicle*. He was at home on finance, on law, and especially on foreign questions. In society he is delightful. Excelling in conversation, his reminiscences are original and graphic. It is very interesting to sit by and hear him talk of the characters of the past without hatred or prejudice. A man of large wealth, inherited and self-earned, a widower without children, fond of labor, of matchless excellence as a practitioner in the Supreme Court of the United States, he is also a great student—devouring every new book as it comes out, novels inclusive, and remembering every thing he reads. His health is good, his activity remarkable, his habits temperate. Invited every where in Washington, he is the ornament of every circle; and it is not going too far to say that, gracious, polite, and agreeable as all educated Englishmen are—especially those reared in high life—among his associates in the Geneva mission he will be one of the most popular."

—The Rev. William Morley Punshon before leaving Canada was presented by his admirers with $5000 gold. He has notified the donors that he will simply draw the interest of this gift during his life, and that upon his death the principal shall go to the fund for the support of worn-out ministers in Canada. It may interest many of his American friends to know that Mr. Punshon was married on his return to England.

—"Mark Twain" says the steamer management from Ostend to Dover is the meanest in the world. Noting the fact that first-class passengers are charged 15*s.* 4*d.*, and dead bodies £1 10*s.* 8*d.*—just double—he says: "That is Belgian morals, I suppose. I never say a harsh thing unless I am greatly stirred; but in my opinion the man who would take advantage of a dead person would do almost any odious thing. I publish this scandalous discrimination against the most helpless class among us in order that people intending to die abroad may come back by some other line."

—Hon. F. F. Low, United States minister to China, before leaving for home was thanked by four of the Methodist missionaries in that country for kindnesses rendered in many ways, and especially for his prompt and successful vindication of their rights to hold chapel premises, lawfully purchased by them in Pekin, in face of the determined hostility of many influential mandarins.

—Postmaster James is doing more for the people of this city in the way of postal facilities than has ever been done by any of his predecessors. Heretofore the postmastership has been considered a soft place, and the incumbent has sat in his office and let things go on. Mr. James, on the contrary, has taken the reins firmly in his own hands, and by utilizing the old machinery and adding new, is making the post-office the admirable public servant it was designed to be. In a few days Mr. J. hopes to be able to make hourly deliveries of letters during business hours, thus enabling city folk to send and receive answers to letters the same day. This is in wide contrast with the old order of things, for which the public are indebted to the talent and indefatigability of the new postmaster.

—It is stated that the Germans in San Francisco, shocked at the active sympathy of the Irish for their enemies during the Franco-German war, resolved that they would never vote on the same side with them again. They have since steadily aided the reformers, and the result has been that San Francisco has never been so well governed. We think it not improbable that the Germans of New York will follow their example.

—Those English! was there ever such a people for dedicating things! Here, now, is the Bishop of Exeter, who a few days ago dedicated a new life-boat at Plymouth, presented by Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Hubbard, in memory of a son, formerly in the navy, whose last wish was that it should be called *Clemence*, after his youngest sister.

—They had great times in Burlington, Vermont, on the Fourth, in inaugurating a statue "on to the memory" of Ethan Allen. His services were exploited by the Hon. L. E. Chittenden, one of his descendants, who is said to have given the fullest and most complete history of the gory Ethan that has yet been made. In the evening Burlington was all ablaze with fire-works, the principal piece conveying the memorable words of Allen at the taking of Ticonderoga, which he surprised "airly on the mornin'" of May 10, 1775, by summoning his friend Captain De la Plaine, the British commander of the post, to surrender in the name of "the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The captain thought the combination too strong for him, and came down.

—Hon. H. E. Prentiss, who died a few days ago in Bangor, Maine, was a man who was emphatically "known by his walk as well as by his conversation." He was educated at West Point, and when a professor there was ordered to join his regiment at Mobile, Alabama. He walked the entire distance, carrying a law-book, which he studied by the way. Two years later (in 1835) he resigned, and walked the entire distance home to Bangor, reading law as before. In 1837 he was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in Oldham, working hard, frequently walking to Bangor, twelve miles, in the morning to attend court, and returning in the same manner at night. He once walked from Bangor to Paris, Maine, in a day and a half, but his greatest day's work was eighty miles in twenty-four hours. It was his notion that "pedestrianism," like an "honest confession," is "good for the sole."

—Lord Derby, at the recent unveiling of a statue to his father, at Preston, Lancashire, in responding to a toast to himself and the House of Lords, said that he had hardly ever seen or heard any thing against the House of Lords that would not equally apply to the monarchy. Those who opposed that body had very vague ideas as to what should take its place. A nominated senate would be but a refuge for disappointed politicians and superannuated officials. A second elective body composed on the same principle as the House of Commons would make two rival houses competing with each other in the performance of identical duties. And the experiment of doing without a second chamber has been tried on various occasions in Europe, and has never proved successful. Man for man the lords were in every particular at least the equals of the members of the Lower House in administrative ability and debating power. The fault of the House of Lords was that it debated too little, and of the House of Commons that it debated and talked too much.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The shock of an earthquake was felt at Jamestown and Buffalo, New York, on the 7th inst.

Professor La Mountain fell from his balloon at Iona, Michigan, on the Fourth, and was instantly killed.

The recent storms in the West have done very serious damage to the crops, the total loss amounting to several millions of dollars.

Half a mile of the Missouri Pacific Railroad track near Kickapoo station dropped into the Missouri River on the 9th inst., the river having undermined the road. Fortunately no disaster happened to any of the trains.

Frank Walworth, who was sentenced to hard labor for life for the murder of his father, was removed to the Sing Sing prison on the 9th inst.

A woman named Kate Stoddard has been arrested by the Brooklyn police for complicity in the Goodrich murder. She has made full confession of the crime, and has been committed for trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steam-ship *City of Washington*, of the Inman line, was wrecked on the 5th inst. on the coast of Nova Scotia, seventy miles west of Cape Sambro. All on board were saved, but the vessel was totally lost.

In the British House of Commons, on the 8th inst., Mr. Henry Richard, member for Merthyr-Tydvil, and secretary of the London Peace Society, moved that in the opinion of the House her Majesty's government should communicate with foreign powers for the purpose of improving international law, and with the view of establishing arbitration as a permanent resort for the settlement of differences between nations. Mr. Richard, in a speech in support of his motion, stated that he had received a large number of letters from America expressing sympathy with his proposition. He proceeded to show that the danger of war kept 4,000,000 of men armed annually in Europe, rendering necessary a taxation of $2,000,000,000, and the payment of a yearly interest on war debts of $750,000,000. In addition to this, the value of labor withdrawn from industry was estimated to be $1,250,000,000. In Germany the conscription forced an emigration which was depopulating the country, and Russia, France, and Italy were financially crippled by the expenses of their enormous military establishments. Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion, but the vote was taken—98 to 98—whereupon the Speaker cast in favor of the motion, and it was adopted.

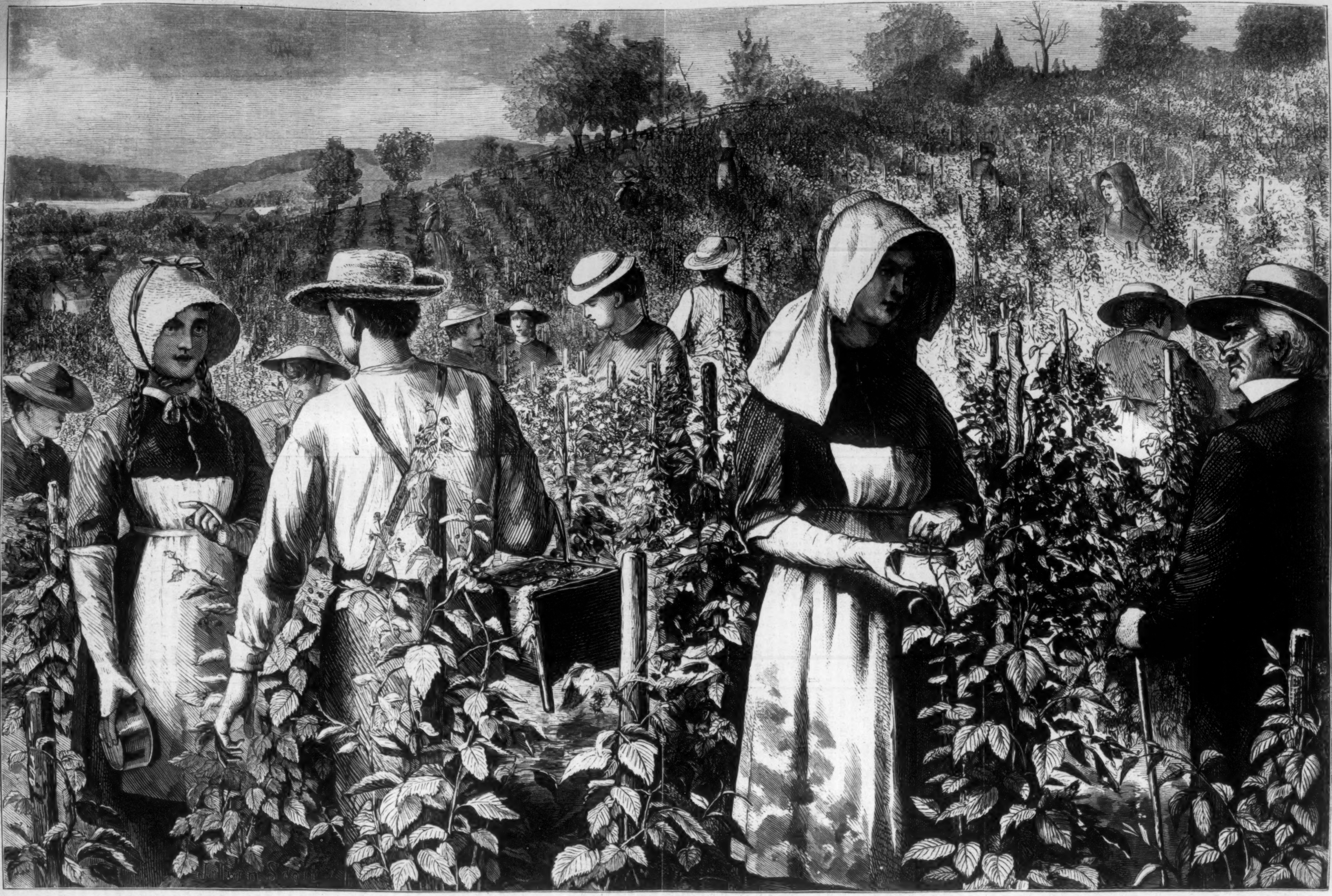
France has paid the second 250,000,000 francs of the German war indemnity, leaving 500,000,000 yet to be paid. The German troops have begun to vacate the territory.

Messrs. Ranc and De Cassagnac fought their long-talked-of duel on the 6th inst., on Luxembourg territory. Both were wounded, but the latter more seriously than the former.

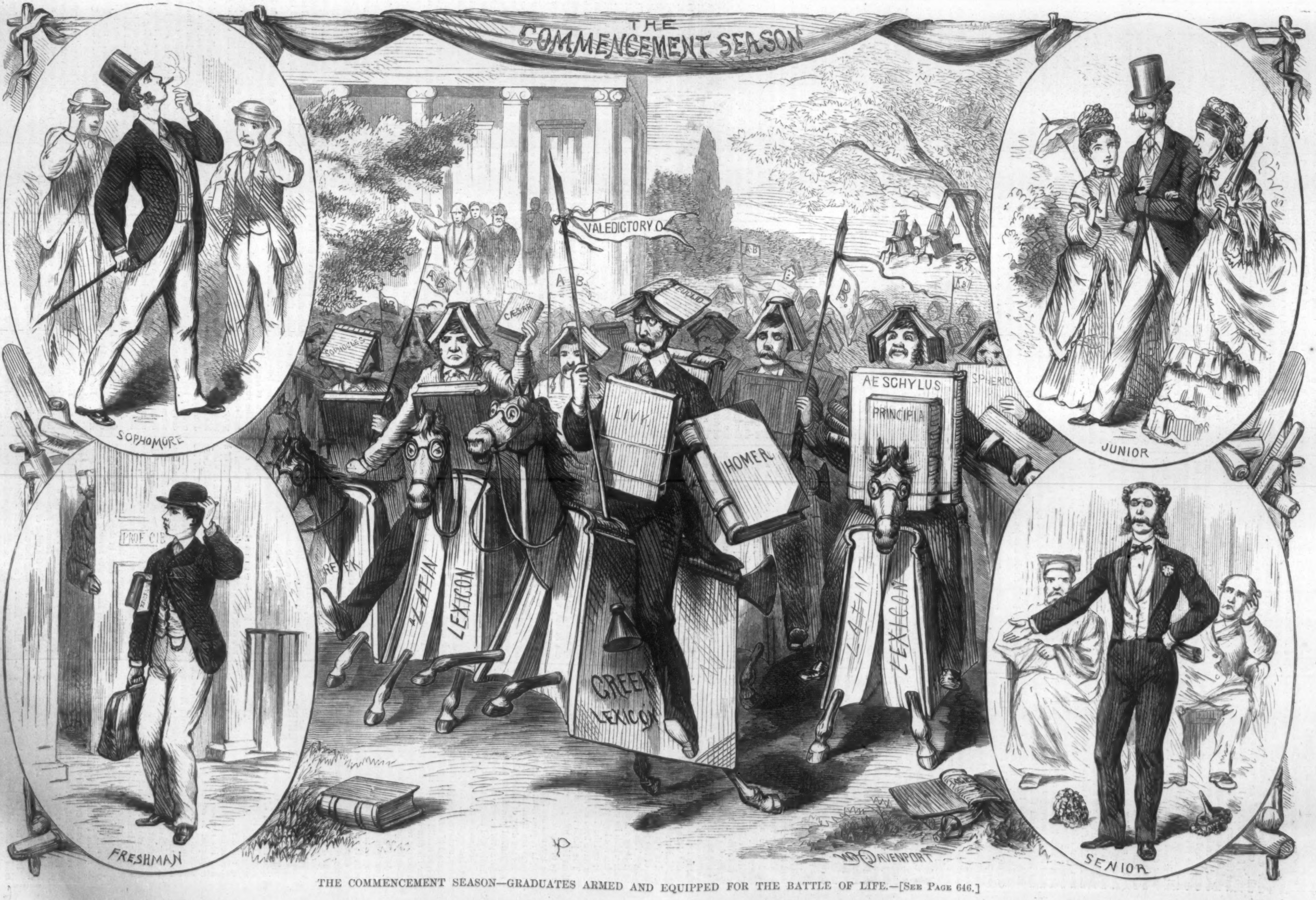
Eighteen Norwegians, of the German Arctic Navigation Company, who were left at Spitzbergen, have been found dead.

During a bull-fight in Malaga, Spain, on the 12th inst., the people rose against the authorities and several councilors were assassinated.

The Khan of Khiva has surrendered to the Russians, and voluntarily declared himself a vassal of Russia. He was restored to his throne, and had a council appointed by his captors to aid him in the government. He immediately abolished slavery within his dominions.



PICKING RASPBERRIES.—[See Page 646.]


THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON
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JUNIOR
SENIOR
W. DAVENPORT

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON—GRADUATES ARMED AND EQUIPPED FOR THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

[See Illustration on Page 645.]

The Commencement season has brought forth its ever-increasing throng of young men who aim at professional success, and who are to make their way in the world often by privation and toil. College graduates are not always prepared for the struggle by the best training. We fear that there is too little of the practical mingled with our teaching, that our young men seldom learn in the atmosphere of a college the necessity and the duty of labor, that a dreamy indolence is often the result of four years of languid study, that the college has sometimes been the school of vice, and that mental and moral vigor are not the qualities that most frequently adorn the graduate. The more innocent follies and vanities of the student might easily be overlooked, and there is sufficient natural strength in many of our youth to enable them to break away in mature life from the results of an imperfect training; yet it would be plainly far better for all of them to learn in their first education that manliness and self-reliance which can alone lead them to future success, and to escape from those influences at the beginning which must be finally thrown aside. Our colleges are too isolated from the general current of life. Each has its own traditions, its fashions, and its time-honored follies. In one the brutal practice of hazing is persisted in from class to class, in another there is a perpetual rebellion against order and good discipline. In all there is a common desire to escape from appointed duties, and to treat the course of education as if it were a pain rather than a pleasure. Nearly all our colleges are scenes of disorder. The authority of the teacher can only be enforced by a severity of vigilance that prevents all effective instruction, and too many of our students in private institutions are more apt to boast of the lessons they have evaded or the tricks they have played than of the literary progress they have achieved and the solid foundations they have laid for a laborious and useful life.

It is noticed that colleges have already ceased to be popular, that the proportion of graduates declines with the growth of the country, and that the plain defects in the system of private training, the moral dangers and the temptations to indolence and evasion of duty that seem to attend it necessarily, have prevented parents from seeking for their children those advantages that once were supposed to follow from a college education. Even the professions are no longer filled by college graduates, and our professional schools show an increasing proportion of students who have never known a college training. Of the two institutions in the city of New York the number of students has steadily decreased, and is less now than it was ten years ago. Columbia College has a few more than one hundred, the University still less, and our only flourishing seminary is the Free College, where the best scholars of the public schools throng in great numbers. The prosperity even of Harvard, fostered as it is by the eminent names in letters and science which its cultivated managers draw around it, has not kept pace with the growth of the country; and the rich endowments of Yale and Princeton have been no more effective.

The plain reform needed in all these institutions is to bring them into unison with the progress of republicanism. They have sunk behind the age, and are falling into neglect. What the people require is an education that, while it cultivates the intellect to the highest point, inculcates the duty of labor; that teaches trades and mechanical pursuits as well as the less useful or active professions; that provides the farmer, mechanic, and merchant with the highest results of science, and some knowledge of the practical part of his occupation. Every college should be a workshop, and every student instructed in some kind of manual labor. Every person who shares its privileges should be made to feel that he is preparing for his future support; that he is already at work upon the real business of life; and that while he mingles the sports of youth with his daily toil, he is yet engaged in a real and serious pursuit. Our young men have intellect, activity, and energy; they need only to have their powers properly directed; and it is probable that a national system of education may yet grow up, in which our private colleges may be included, to the common benefit of all classes.

PICKING RASPBERRIES.

The Antwerp raspberry was first introduced into the town of Marlborough, Ulster County, New York, in 1835, by Mr. Thomas Burling, who obtained it at New Rochelle. The culture of this delicious fruit soon acquired importance. Before many years every farmer in the township had his raspberry patch, and the culture was attempted in adjacent towns. These attempts were only partially successful, except in Cornwall, Newburgh, and Highland, which, with Marlborough, occupy a stretch of territory seventeen miles in length on the west bank of the Hudson. The soil about these towns seems to be peculiarly adapted to the culture of the raspberry. Strawberries, blackberries, and currants are also raised there in great quantities.

Raspberry picking begins the latter part of June and closes early in August. The pickers, as shown in our illustration on page 644, are chiefly young men and women, who hail the season with delight, as the work is regarded as a sort of prolonged spree. The getting together of so many young people makes the fields cheerful and inviting, and evenings, when work is done, merry with song and dance.

In the fields each person has a "picker"—a kind of box with short legs and a hoop handle, capable of holding sixteen cups. As these pickers are filled they are taken to the packing house, where the "packers" look them over, and place the cups in large boxes, or sometimes crates, holding all the way from thirty to ninety cups. As each box or crate is filled, it is locked and directed to whatever commission merchant in New York may have engaged them, and every afternoon from five to eight o'clock the berries picked through the day are taken to the docks, thence to the city by steamer. The berries we have today should have been growing on the bushes yesterday.

Years vary considerably as regards the amount of berries raised, owing partly to the season, but mostly to the quantity of dressing used to strengthen the soil. In 1865, from June 23 to August 8, there were shipped from Marlborough dock 1,216,765 cups, and almost the same number from Milton dock, which is in Marlborough. In 1866, from June 20 to August 10, 807,158 cups were sent away. Now in 1867 the yield surpassed that of 1865, there having been shipped, from June 24 to August 11, 1,295,693 cups. In 1868 there was a falling off to 869,388 cups, from June 25 to August 9; then in 1869 to 517,975. This decrease woke the "growers" up, and the good attention they gave to their fields was rewarded by a yield of nearly 1,000,000 of cups, and in 1871 more than 1,500,000 cups were sent away. This year the crop is very poor, owing partly to the lack of rain and partly to bad cultivation.

MISS LASCELLES'S DISAPPEARANCE.

"Are you going to Saratoga, Nina?"

"No."

"To Long Branch, then?"

"No."

"To the White Hills?"

"No."

"Then where *are* you going?" was the general cry.

"I am going to disappear," answered Miss Lascelles; and it was the only answer her curious friends could get from her, let them try as they would. At every fresh surmise she shook her head and smiled mysteriously. "I am going to disappear," she persisted.

Miss Lascelles kept her word. She did disappear, and nobody could find out whither. In fact, there was no one to find out from, no one to whom she was in the least degree responsible for her comings and goings. An orphan without near relatives—an heiress, moreover—she was entire mistress of herself, and had she proposed to go to the moon, so far as this earthly planet is concerned there would have been nothing to hinder. But for certain atmospheric difficulties being in the way of such a tour, her acquaintances would have been inclined to suspect it was the very one she was making at present—that out-of-the-way sort of thing exactly tallying with her oddity; for, by common consent, Nina Lascelles was dubbed "odd;" bright, sensible, attractive, certainly, but for all that with an odd streak about her.

But where had Miss Lascelles gone? Not quite as far as the moon, and yet to a region almost as remote from the sphere of her dear five hundred friends. One day there had chanced to present itself to her recollection the picture of a certain weather-beaten, gambrel-roofed house up among the rocks and hills of one of the Northern States, where she had passed the happiest summer of her life. Miss Lascelles thought she would like to try if that old time could not be brought back again. To be sure, she had been only twelve then, and the tastes of twelve and twenty-one are apt to be somewhat different; but at least it would be a novelty. She was tired and overtired of the prescribed pleasure tread-mill, every step of which she knew so wearily well. Briefly, she had set her heart on the experiment; and when this young lady set her heart on doing any thing, it was very likely to be done.

Besides, it was not simply her own inclination she consulted in this choice. Among her poor people—for poor people were one of Miss Lascelles's oddities—were two young English orphans, a brother and sister, whom she had discovered one day in a crowded, unwholesome city back lane, where they were breathing distilled dirt, and cheating their young, growing, hungry muscles with a sort of refuse which it was the highest strain of courtesy to call food. No wonder if their poor cheeks became paler every day, and that the boy's strength was hardly sufficient to earn the pittance which just kept the life in his sister and himself. These children were special favorites with Miss Lascelles, whether because of their singular attachment to one another, or because they were orphans with no ties of kindred, even as she herself was; and marking their increasing delicacy, it occurred to her that to take them out of the close heat of a city summer into the free air and life in which she herself had once thriven would be no bad way of spending the months usually allotted to the busy idleness of watering-place existence.

So, with her two young protégés, Miss Lascelles disappeared, to come to the surface again in the little town of Stoneborough. The old gray house and the scattering village appeared to have undergone as little change as the eternal mountains themselves that closed around.

"Is this place really in the world, I wonder?" said Miss Lascelles to herself, with a smile, surveying it. "It seems to be out of Time's way, at any rate. I don't believe a creature has been born or died in it since I was here. I could almost fancy myself still the slip of a May-pole I was then, with eyes several sizes too large for my face, and a skin the color of the butter Mrs. Hutchins is working there."

Miss Lascelles laughed again at the recollection. It was only a recollection, and she could afford to laugh at it now, for there was certainly no butter-color in the glow on the clear cheek, and the full yet firm and free figure suggested any thing but a May-pole. Good Mrs. Hutchins, herself as little changed as all the rest, would have been astonished to learn that this handsome young woman was no other than the sallow little heiress she had shaken her head over so doubtfully nine years before. Such an idea never occurred to her, either that it was that particular heiress or any heiress at all; for it was not precisely a Saratoga wardrobe that Nina had brought to Stoneborough; and then, through some misunderstanding at the outset, Mrs. Hutchins had taken up the notion that her lodgers were relatives. Miss Lascelles did not correct an error which was so very convenient to her purpose, since, under a strange name, she would escape a good deal of the watching and gossip which, in her own proper person, she would have had to encounter. So Jimmy and Kitty were privately drilled into their new relationship by "Aunt Nina," who was known to the neighborhood as Miss Neeny Pratt, and, taken at the valuation of her cotton gowns and gypsy straw, attracted no notice more burdensome than an admiring glance from some young farmer whom she passed in her daily rambles with the children. The villagers, indeed, opined that Miss Neeny was a little fanciful—which was their way of calling her "odd"—but, the verdict once pronounced, troubled themselves no more about the matter, for fancifulness, in all its varieties, is not as high a misdemeanor in country as in city eyes.

But, accustomed to homage, change, amusement, of course she speedily found this monotonous life a frightful bore? On the contrary, she did not even find it monotonous, for every day brought her some novelty: from milking and butter and bed making to sketching, rowing, climbing, berrying, there was scarcely a possibility of the country which she left untried. And watching Jimmy's puny muscles harden, and little Kitty's white cheeks take a color like the wild roses in the hedge briers, she actually found a more interesting daily occupation than noting the progress of a flirtation, or outdressing Mrs. A—— at the hops. Very strange taste, no doubt, but tastes never are to be accounted for.

But if Miss Lascelles enjoyed herself, what shall be said of the two poor young things that, like a good fairy, she had carried away from squalor and privation? Truly, to them this was another world, in its utter unlikeness to any thing they had ever known. Though not out of childhood, they had never yet been children, and Miss Lascelles saw with delight the transformation coming over them, as they rolled on the grass, tumbled down the hill-sides, scratched themselves among brambles, screamed, laughed, and whooped "like wild Ingines," as Mrs. Hutchins said, and, in a manner, got tipsy on mountain air and unlimited sunlight. Undoubtedly for the time being they were little animals like the puppy and the kitten they played with, Miss Lascelles aiding and abetting, in the belief that by taking care of the body now she was doing the best service to the soul by-and-by.

One of the children's favorite occupations was driving the cows home at night, and then standing by to see them milked, a performance which lost none of its interest from the bowl apiece of warm new milk with which it ended. The milk, real country milk, with no smack of the pump-handle, was, perhaps, a greater marvel than even the cows to these benighted little cits, and they swallowed it literally open-mouthed. A pretty sight it was, this milking-time: so thought a chance comer who had strayed down the lane by the back-yard, and stopped to look over the bars at the scene inside—Miss Neeny's blue draperies falling as gracefully from the milking as ever they had done from the music stool, her black hair crisping into picturesque lights and shades against the sleek side of the white cow, who stood chewing the cud, her large mild eyes meditatively fixed on Kitty perched on an overturned wheelbarrow, and steadfastly returning the gaze with her great blue English eyes, while Jimmy, divided between admiration and a kind of fascinated fear, hovered round Farmer Colby's big chestnut horse, that its owner had left tied to a post while he drove bargains in butter and cheese in Mrs. Hutchins's dairy, and that champed and pawed and otherwise testified impatience at the delay. The sun, just disappearing behind the hills, as if to make sure that all was as it should be before retiring for the night, shot forth a last keen blink that searched out a gleam of gold in the moss under the gable and a tiny crimson flower in the grass, while the chestnut's coat shone as if varnished, and the shadow of the old cherry-tree lengthened till it seemed to be growing out of sight.

The stranger, whose knapsack on the shoulder and stout stick in hand, to say nothing of dusty gray garments, bespoke him a pedestrian tourist, after looking on for a minute unperceived, put his hand on the bar and called to Jimmy. But Jimmy, whose nerves had not yet hardened to a country boy's stolidity, jumped back at the sudden sound, unfortunately at the precise moment when the chestnut launched out at a fly that was buzzing about him. The fly, with a contemptuous b-r-r, sailed off untouched, but poor wingless Jimmy lay his length on the ground.

At Kitty's scream Nina looked round, but before any body could move, the young man was over the bars and had the insensible boy in his arms. He was a surgeon, he said, and Nina anxiously awaited his report of the boy's injuries. They proved less serious than she had feared—a slight concussion of the brain and a broken leg, broken so cleanly, as the young surgeon with professional enthusiasm declared after setting it, that it might almost be trusted to heal of itself.

Nevertheless Dr. Hilton, as he gave his name, did not trust it to itself. Perhaps he felt that as he had indirectly been the cause of Jimmy's battering, the least he could do was to leave him as sound as he had found him. So the knapsack was unstrapped, and, with its owner, remained indefinitely under Mrs. Hutchins's gambrel roof. Never surely was patient better tended than Jimmy Pratt. The young man told him stories and invented games for his amusement, taught him, to the boy's intense pride and delight, to play on a creaky old fiddle that had spent its best days in the service of the deceased Hutchins, brought him news of all the small happenings of the farm and the village, till he was well enough to be moved, after which, in all favorable weather, the daily rambles were resumed, Jimmy riding in great style and comfort on Dr. Hilton's back. The neighborhood, with keen country instinct in love matters, once more opined that all this meant that the young doctor was "makin' up to Miss Neeny," in which fancy they were not wholly at fault. In fact, as Jimmy grew better his doctor grew worse, and by the time the one could go on crutches the other was quite helpless.

If practice makes perfect, it is not to be doubted that Miss Lascelles said No with the utmost grace—at least she would have done so, only that this time, perhaps for variety's sake, she chose to say Yes instead. Was she crazy enough, then, to engage herself to an utter stranger? No, for, as it happened, he was not quite a stranger to her. She speedily discovered that this Dr. Hilton was a person of whom she had heard a great deal before ever having seen him: no other than a certain cousin of her friend Mrs. Chudleigh. His devotion to his profession in general and his poor patients in particular, his indifference to society—in a word, his *oddity*—were grievances on which Mrs. Chudleigh was never tired of descanting, so that Nina was almost as familiar with his character and pursuits as if he had been a personal acquaintance. Here she had the advantage of him: he knew nothing of her antecedents, and took her simply for what she seemed here. Nina felt some twinges of conscience at continuing to mislead him, but she had that mistrust of her possessions frequent with heiresses, and the little summer idyl she had been living was so pleasant to her, she shrank from breaking in on it with other interests: she promised herself to make full confession immediately on her return, and quieted her scruples with that.

But the summer idyl came to an end of itself. Jimmy was getting so strong that Dr. Hilton had no excuse for remaining, and the work he had left behind seemed to be summoning him away from this unwonted idleness. Nina too had her own reasons for return; so the party broke up, Jimmy and Kitty, by their own and Mrs. Hutchins's desire, being left to her motherly care to be initiated in the various mysteries of farm life. Their delight at the idea of always living in the country served to dry their tears at Nina's departure, and her promise to come to them next year made them quite cheerful again.

It was a very pleasant journey to Nina, and she could have found it in her heart to wish it longer, particularly as she had a guilty dread of the revelation its end must bring. Not that she really supposed Dr. Hilton would be annoyed at finding her position so different from his idea, only that she did not quite know how he would relish having been kept in the dark so long. The doubt grew with thinking, till she became almost nervous, and as the miles flew by she speculated to herself how she could best say what she had to say, and half wished for some chance to save her the embarrassment of the disclosure.

The wish was destined to be fulfilled, but in a most unlooked-for manner, calculated rather to increase than lessen the embarrassment of the situation. Coming on board the boat for the last stage of their journey, they came face to face with Mrs. Chudleigh, sitting quite by herself in a corner of the deck. It would be hard to say if the surprise on her face or Nina's was the greater at this rencontre.

"You two, of all people in the world!" exclaimed Mrs. Chudleigh, holding out a hand to each, "and together! Where did you drop from?" then, with a sudden frown, she gave Dr. Hilton a spiteful little push with her parasol. "There, I haven't a word to say to you!" she cried, continuing, nevertheless, to talk very volubly; "I wonder you're not ashamed to look me in the face, Fred Hilton! Only fancy, Nina, this wretch, who won't leave his horrid patients long enough to make me a day's visit, has actually been spending *weeks*, whole weeks! in a place nobody ever heard of—Stone something or other; and what must he do there but fall in love with a milkmaid, as he coolly announces to me!"

"No, no; only that she was milking when I first saw her," hastily interposed Hilton, invoking any thing but a blessing on the letter in which he had indulged in some mischievous exaggeration for the special benefit of his cousin's prejudices.

"You hear him?" said Mrs. Chudleigh, with a shrug of the shoulders that expressed at once impatience and long-suffering. "But that is not the worst, my dear; he is actually *engaged* to this—this Neeny Pratt. Did you ever hear so extraordinary a name? Neeny, indeed! Ninny would have been more in keeping with the whole affair. No, it is of no use your making signs to me, Fred; I shall say what I think, though I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself. And to think of the plans I had made for him!" sighed Mrs. Chudleigh, lapsing from anger to sorrow.

"'The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley,'" demurely said Nina, who understood very well what the plans in question were, and who, in spite of herself, could not help enjoying the double cross-purposes, and Dr. Hilton's evident mystification.

"Oh yes," said he, lightly, trying to rally from an uneasy sense of some mystery, "I know your plots against my peace well enough, Emma. A spoiled heiress!—for they are always more or less spoiled. I am thankful for having 'escaped the marcy,' as my old Patrick says."

"A polite speech, considering!" said Mrs. Chudleigh, sarcastically. "You must excuse him, Nina. Of course those rustics have completely demoralized him. By-the-way, Nina," with a sudden recollection, "do tell me where in the world have *you* been?"

"Nowhere *in* the world," answered Nina, with a smile, "but a long way out of it. It is another case of rustic demoralization. So you see I can easily excuse your cousin, being quite as bad myself."

"Not quite, I hope!" cried Mrs. Chudleigh, laughing—"unless you have come back engaged to a hay-maker!"

"Well," soberly replied Nina, appearing to consider, "I can not deny that I have seen him handle a rake."

"Nina!" cried Mrs. Chudleigh, sharply, "it is not true? You are joking?"

"What about? the engagement or the hay-making?"

"Either—both. You have not really engaged yourself in the country?"

"Really and truly! But, dear Mrs. Chudleigh, pray don't look so horrified! He is the most respectable of hay-makers, I assure you."

"Well!" Mrs. Chudleigh clasped her hands, and sat staring away at the water for full twenty seconds, actually unable to express herself—"I don't know what the world is coming to! Both of you! Why"—the fact of their being together once more recurring to her preoccupation—"perhaps you have been in the same place, that Stone—Stone place?"

"Yes," answered Nina; "it was in Stoneborough I met Dr. Hilton."

"Such an opportunity thrown away!" plaintively murmured Mrs. Chudleigh to herself. "And the hay-maker"—raising her voice—"who is he? another of the Pratt family?"

"Allow me to formally present him," said Miss Lascelles, laying her hand on Dr. Hilton's arm. "This is the hay-maker, Mrs. Chudleigh."

"And this is the milkmaid," said the young man, covering the hand with his own.

The double explanations that followed were almost as amusing as the preceding cross-purposes. Mrs. Chudleigh, the matter fully understood, was entirely delighted; Dr. Hilton not so entirely; still he managed to reconcile himself somehow to marrying a spoiled heiress, and it is to be concluded that neither has regretted the step, for when Nina Hilton next year went to see how her two little transplanted slips throve in Stoneborough, the whole party seemed as happy as need be.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio on the question of Bible-reading in the public schools of the State does not touch the main issue. The court only decides that it has no authority to require the reading of the Bible in the schools, and that it is the province of the school boards to prescribe school exercises and text-books. The injunction granted by the Superior Court of Cincinnati against the Board of Education of that city was, therefore, dissolved. In the State of New York the necessity of some form of religious instruction in the public schools was, as early as 1841, recognized by John C. Spencer, then Secretary of State and Superintendent of Education. In his famous report on the subject, Mr. Spencer said, "No books can be found, no reading-lessons can be selected, which do not contain, more or less, some principles of religious faith, either directly avowed or indirectly assumed." And again: "It is believed to be an error to suppose that the absence of all religious instruction, if it were possible, is a mode of avoiding sectarianism. On the contrary, it would be itself sectarian, because it would be consonant to the views of a particular class, and opposed to the opinions of other classes." Mr. Spencer proposed that the question of the reading of the Bible should be left, where it is remitted by the Supreme Court of Ohio, with the several school boards. The act of April 11, 1842, passed by the Legislature of New York, provides that no school shall be entitled to receive any part of the public moneys in which the doctrines of any particular religious or other sect are taught, but adds, "Nothing herein contained shall authorize the Board of Education *to exclude the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, or any selections therefrom, from any of the schools provided for in this act.*" This law is still in full force.

It was one of the famous sayings of Wesley that "the world was his parish;" but perhaps no evangelist of this century has so completely fulfilled Wesley's conception of a world-wide apostolate as the Rev. William Taylor, now in Bombay. Soon after the discovery of the California gold fields in 1849 Mr. Taylor was sent by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church to San Francisco to organize a seamen's Bethel. It was a time when vice was supreme in that city. Here he conducted open-air meetings on Long Wharf and the Plaza, which were attended by thousands of persons. Though fearless in the denunciation of wrong, Mr. Taylor won the respect of all classes of men, and preached on special occasions some memorable sermons in the drinking saloons of San Francisco. Returning to the Eastern States, he proceeded thence to Ireland and England, where his labors as an evangelist resulted in the reclamation of several thousand persons. From England he went to Australia, where among the mines and in the cities his preaching was followed with great success. From Australia he proceeded to South Africa, and among the natives who had been subjects of missionary instruction he made many converts to the Christian faith. The last two years he has spent in India, and has organized in the city of Bombay a self-supporting mission to Europeans and English-speaking natives. So great has been his success here that he has sent to America for reinforcements. Several missionaries have been commissioned and forwarded to help him.

Mr. Taylor is a man of the utmost simplicity of character. His integrity and purity have never been questioned. He makes his extended labor self-supporting, and is dependent upon no church or society. He may be called a Protestant Xavier in the nineteenth century; in his voyages of charity he has literally circumnavigated the globe.

The Old Catholics have adopted at the outset the principle of lay representation, Professor Reinkens having been elected by priests and lay deputies of the congregations. Thirty priests were reported as capable of participating in the election. The choice was made with great unanimity. According to the correspondence of the London *Guardian*, Bishop Reinkens "is nearly fifty years of age. In September of this year he will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priest's ordination, which took place at Cologne in 1848. He is a Rhinelander, and Bonn is his university; but he has been Professor of Theology at Breslau for some time past. He has written several works, on Clement of Alexandria, Hilary, etc." His episcopal council will consist of two priests and three laymen. The Jansenist Bishop Heykamp has announced to the Old Catholic leaders his readiness to consecrate Dr. Reinkens.

The Conference of the Primitive Methodists of England, at its late session, adopted a resolution declaring that no member should be expelled from the society, except for immorality, without the sanction of the quarterly meeting. This is regarded as an abolition of the class-meeting condition of membership.

The Jews in New York are winning a full share of college and school honors, according to the *Messenger*. Four members of the graduating class of the College of New York this year were of the Hebrew faith; another took the first gold medal of the Junior class in the same institution. At the Normal College five Jewesses graduated with distinction; and at Columbia College a young Hebrew obtained the four scholarships awarded to members of the Freshman class. These achievements reflect honor upon the entire Jewish community.

The Queen of England has, upon the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, granted a pension of £300 a year to Dr. Livingstone, the eminent Christian missionary and traveler, in recognition of his valuable services to the world. At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society Sir Bartle Frere said "that wherever he and his colleagues had traveled on toward Africa, and in Africa, they had been looked upon as persons coming to carry out Dr. Livingstone's views, to put down slavery; for he was looked upon as the friend of the negro. His name was every where uttered with the greatest respect. Even those men who looked upon him as their enemy, because they feared he was destroying their trade, spoke of him with reverence." This is exactly what might have been expected.

The anti-confessional movement in the English Established Church has received substantial support from the archbishops of Canterbury and York. In their reply to the sixty thousand memorialists, of whose petition we made mention some weeks ago, they say: "We believe that through the system of the confessional great evil has been wrought in the Church of Rome, and that our reformers acted wisely in allowing it no place in our reformed Church; and we take this opportunity of expressing our entire disapproval of any such innovation, and our firm determination to do all in our power to discourage it. We feel justified in appealing to all reasonable men to consider whether the very existence of our national institutions for the maintenance of religion is not imperiled by the evils of which you complain." On the other hand, one English bishop—Moberley—has declared his approval of the confessional, and has published a sermon asserting confession as a duty. The confessional party are a minority in the Church, but they are very determined.

An indirect appeal has been made to the Shah of Persia, through the London *Times*, to grant religious liberty to his subjects. No improvement in the religious laws of Persia has taken place since the visit of Henry Martyn to that kingdom in 1811. The law common to all Mohammedan countries, which punishes with death every Mohammedan who embraces Christianity, is still unrepealed. No executions under it have taken place of late years, but to escape its effect Persians who wish to embrace Christianity have become exiles from their native land. Among the presents to the Shah in England we notice a copy of the Bible in the Persian language from the British and Foreign Bible Society, through Sir Henry Rawlinson.

In his last address to the College of Cardinals, delivered in June, the Pope still declares himself an "irreconcilable." He repeats and confirms the censures "incurred by the usurpers of the Papal States and the property of the Church." He declares himself especially scandalized by the attendance of priests upon the funeral of the statesman Ratazzi. "Ratazzi," he said, "always fought against the peace of Italy and the Holy See; still the judgment of God is unknown to us, nor must we seek to guess it. But I experienced a very painful impression on learning from the newspapers that the clergy of Alessandria were present at the funeral obsequies. Those priests showed themselves greater courtiers than ministers of God." In conclusion, the Pope urged the cardinals to pray to God to keep far from them all idea of conciliation, adding, "Let each one stand firm. They want me to go with them, and I wish them to come toward me. I can not go, and will not."

Dean Stanley is lecturing in Oxford on John Wesley. In his first lecture he makes the following laudatory estimate of the great reformer: "John Wesley shared the glory of the founders of many great religious movements—a glory, we may add, above that of the founders of all the religious communities in England. If we take Robert Brown, the founder of the Independents, John Spilsbury, the founder of the Baptists, John Biddle, the first English Unitarian, even George Fox, the founder of the Friends, they are comparatively insignificant personages by the side of some of their disciples. But like Francis of Assisi, like Dominick, like Ignatius Loyola, John Wesley was incomparably greater than any of those who have since borne his name—one of the leading and redeeming characters, historically and religiously, of the eighteenth century. That much-despised age—as much unduly despised in our time as it was, perhaps, unduly exalted in its own time—is often described as a period of hopeless languor and shallowness, both in philosophy and in religion. And no one, either since the Reformation or before, has played a greater part in exciting the religious fervor of the country than John Wesley, who, through the vast length of his career, is more identified with the course of the eighteenth century than any single character which it produced." It is said that the dean has resolved to publish the lectures.

Three deputations of Mennonites from Russia are now in our country selecting a place of settlement for the brethren of their faith who are expected to arrive in 1874. They will come to escape the obligation of military service imposed by the Russian government. Like the Quakers, the Mennonites are conscientiously opposed to war. They have for eight years enjoyed from the Russian government a special exemption from military duty. This has of late been withdrawn, and they feel themselves compelled to leave. They number in Southern Russia about 40,000 persons; of these not less than 25,000 are expected to come to America next year. The Legislature of Minnesota last winter extended an invitation to these Russians to settle in that State. Wherever they settle they will make valuable citizens.

The Executive Committee of the Liberation Society in England have issued a circular in which they announce that they will now devote their "energies to preparing for the general election, and will not only strive to secure the return of candidates in favor of, or not opposed to, disestablishment, but will bring the question before every constituency, without regard to immediate results or to the effect of such action on political parties. For these purposes new publications are to be issued, more lecturers employed, and additional funds raised." This announcement proves that the Dissenters can no longer be counted upon to support Mr. Gladstone.

The case of the church built by the Commissioners of Emigration of this city on Ward's Island, the exclusive use of which is claimed by the Roman Catholics, has developed some striking facts. In an examination held July 9 Father Prachensky, the Catholic chaplain, and a member of the Society of Jesus, was proved by his own admissions and the testimony of others to be an active proselyter. He acknowledged that the edifice had been built by the Commissioners, but insisted that as the Catholics had spent money in its decoration, they had the exclusive right to its use. The claim that Protestants and Catholics can not worship in the same edifice is all a pretense: the practice is not unknown in Germany, where there is but one parish church in a village.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The use of electricity in determining geographical longitudes keeps rapid pace with the continual extension of telegraph lines and cables over the world. We lately chronicled the third determination of the difference of longitude between Washington and Greenwich, which datum, so highly important to astronomy, may now be considered as known to within the twentieth part of a second of time. The union of London with Teheran, Persia, and through it with Madras, India, was completed in the latter part of 1871, and a telegraphic circuit of 3870 miles of wire was used in the longitude determination. The longitude of San Francisco from Washington has been determined over a circuit of 3000 miles by the astronomers of the Coast Survey. The net-work thus gradually girdling the northern hemisphere now begins to be supplemented by the detached portions of what may at some distant day become the connected links of a similar series of longitudes in the southern hemisphere. In Southern Africa and in Australia the telegraph lines already offer facilities for most extensive geographical operations, but we believe the principal work that has as yet been done in the southern hemisphere has been recently effected by Dr. Gould, the director of the National Observatory at Cordoba. During the past year he has made such determinations between his own central observatory and the cities of Buenos Ayres and Rosario to the eastward. As the result of this work he announces an error of one minute of time in the relative longitude of these places as given on the best maps. Preparations have also been made for longitude work between Cordoba and Santiago de Chili, but the accounts of the results of this work have not yet been received.

Mr. E. Rivière announces the discovery of another human skeleton in the sixth cavern of Baoussé-Roussé, in the region in which the discovery of a human skeleton and of numerous prehistoric remains attracted so much attention last summer. The examinations which had been previously made in these proved to have been but cursory, and a more thorough investigation has recently brought to light the skeleton referred to. It is by no means as complete as the one found by him in one of the other caverns, but has some interesting peculiarities. The dimensions were those of a man of large size, supposed to be nearly six feet and a half in height, a characteristic which is shared by the other specimen. Like this, it showed that the primitive people inhabiting these caverns were in the habit of burying their dead upon a hearth ornamented with trinkets, and accompanied by their weapons. The ashes and earth of the hearth were filled with fragments of bones, the remains of repasts—either those of every-day life or funeral feasts.

The experiment initiated two years ago by Seth Green in regard to the possibility of introducing shad into the great lakes seems to be in a fair way of successful accomplishment, as several have lately been taken near the mouth of the Genesee River, one of them measuring eleven inches in length, and others nine. This is about the size which the two-year-old fish would naturally attain, and it is extremely probable that in another season a great body of the shad thus introduced will return to the Genesee for the purpose of spawning.

The *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office gives the following details for the week ending July 9. A storm centre has moved from Dakota eastward into Canada, causing numerous local storms of considerable severity from Kansas and Nebraska to Ohio; a second storm centre has moved eastward over Iowa and Missouri to Ohio and Virginia, passing thence beyond the coast. In both these cases the attending local storms seem to have diminished in intensity as they progressed eastward. Over two inches of rain has fallen at numerous stations, situated mostly in the section of country extending from the lower Missouri Valley to Virginia, and also in Florida. Many of the telegraphic reports have not as yet been received from the Western States, in which much damage has been done to railroads, telegraph lines, etc. The Red River has fallen slowly, the upper Missouri has fallen two feet, but the lower river has risen. The Cumberland, Ohio, and Monongahela have all risen. The Mississippi has fallen at St. Paul, Vicksburg, and New Orleans, but risen slightly at some intermediate places. The indications are that the Mississippi, at and below Cairo, and the lower Ohio will continue to rise.

The fourth of the annual industrial expositions of late so successfully held in Cincinnati is announced to open on Wednesday, September 3, and continue until Saturday, October 4. The enterprise, like its predecessors, will be directed by a joint committee from the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, and the Ohio Mechanics. In New York city the American Institute has already made the public announcement that its forty-second exhibition will be open for the reception of machinery August 18, and for other articles September 1. The formal opening of the exhibition will take place on September 10.

English sportsmen are greatly exercised over the prevalence of a disease among the grouse in the Highlands which even threatens their extermination, or, at least, a very serious diminution of the numbers and strength of that noble game bird. This is in every respect different from the diseases that have heretofore prevailed on the moors, as the birds are in perfect plumage, but wasted to skeletons, with large quantities of undigested berries in their crops. In the seasons of 1847, 1856, and 1865, the infected grouse exhibited a dull disordered plumage and attenuated bodies. In 1867 they were in good plumage and healthy in appearance, perfectly plump, although the liver was discolored and soft.

The precise nature of the disease has not yet been established, although Dr. Macdonald is of the opinion that it may be due to the ravages of entozoa, or intestinal worms. Another correspondent of *Land and Water* is inclined to assign as the cause the insufficient supply of young and tender shoots of heather for the birds' food, since the rank and decayed fibres, old seeds, and berries, lack the nutrition necessary for the healthy condition of the grouse, and to the want of a suitable cover for their protection in winter. Another very important difficulty, in his opinion, is the overstocking of the moors, and the overtrapping of birds of prey, and of so-called vermin. Quite a number of naturalists have given this as the probable cause of the deterioration of these birds, since it is a well-known law of nature that the weak and sickly first fall a prey to the attacks of their enemies, those that escape requiring that great degree of vigor of flight which is due to a high condition of health.

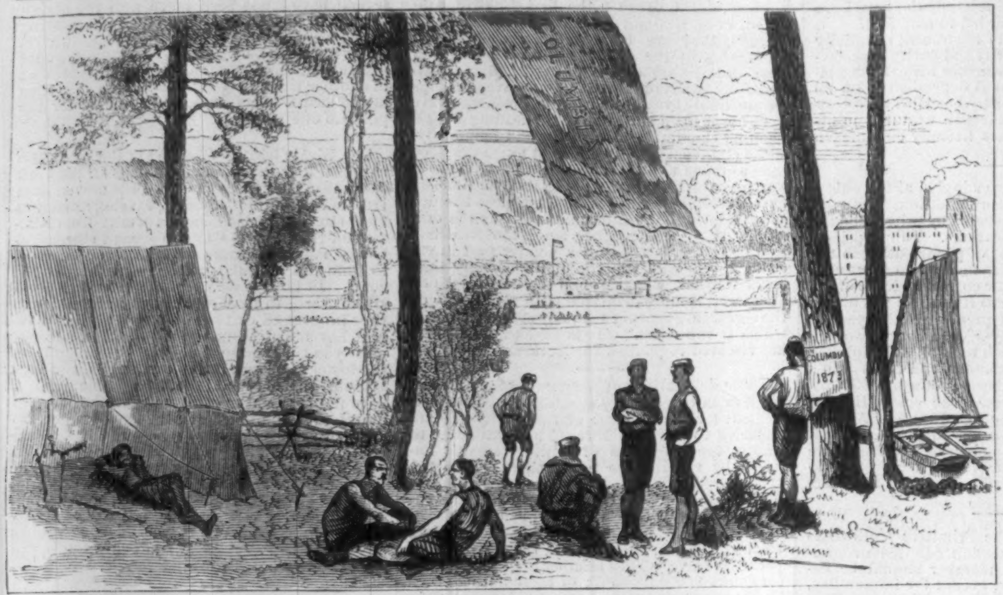
A very important experiment was made by Mr. M. G. Holton, the foreman of one of the parties organized by Seth Green, under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, for the multiplication of useful food fishes in the rivers and lakes of the United States. Mr. Green has been engaged since the early part of April in the work in question, commencing first on the Savannah River, and proceeding thence to the Neuse, the Roanoke, the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, etc. The fact that the fish have become nearly extinct in some of the rivers, and the high state of the water in others interfering very materially with the success of these labors, the number of shad hatched out was considerably less than had been hoped for.

Noticing, however, that some of the rock-fish, or striped bass, taken at Weldon, appeared to be filled with ripe spawn, Mr. Holton made the experiment of securing this and placing it in the hatching boxes, and in three days' time the young fish emerged from their shells and were turned loose into the water. The number hatched was about 100,000, and were derived from two females—one furnishing about 100,000 eggs, and the other 20,000. Contrary to the general anticipation, the eggs of the striped bass proved to be easily managed, and are dry, separate when excluded, like those of the shad, and do not adhere to objects they touch, like those of the herring, yellow perch, and wall-eyed pike or *Lucioperca*.

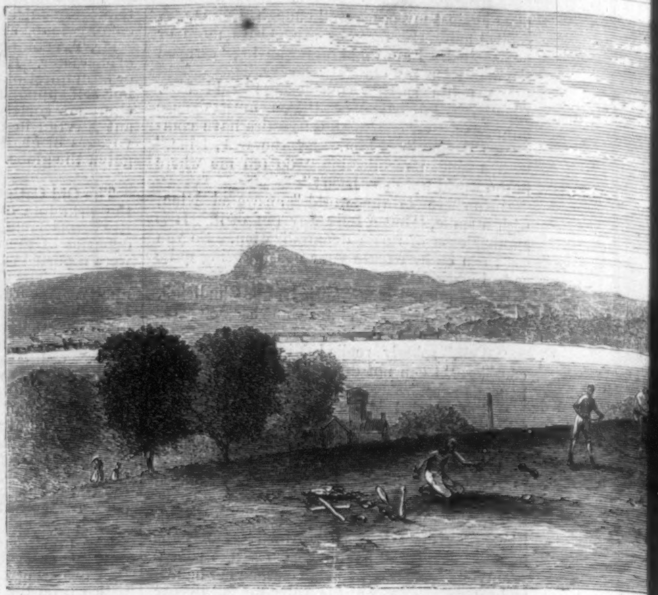
The eggs are of about the same size as those of the shad, but the young are rather smaller and with less capacious yolk-bag; so much smaller are they, indeed, that they readily escape through the wire meshes that constitute the bottom of the hatching boxes.

As the rock-fish or striped bass is a far more valuable fish than the shad, and has been equally reduced in number, the feasibility of hatching them artificially is a fact of very great importance; and it is to be hoped that the experiment will be continued whenever the opportunity occurs, so as to restore the species to its native waters.

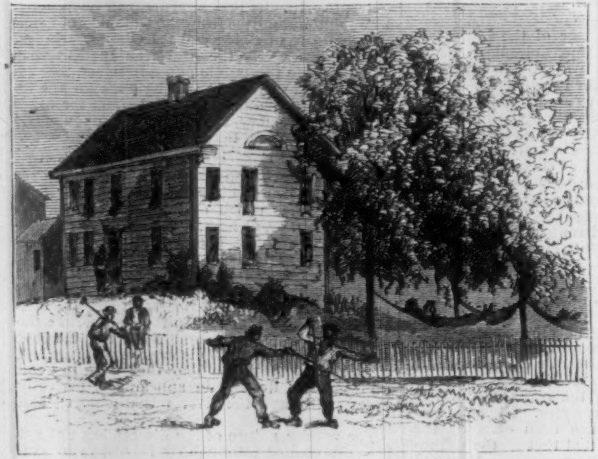
The eggs hatched out by Mr. Holton came from fish of about six and eight pounds respectively, and he is of the opinion that large fish weighing from forty to sixty pounds would readily yield a million of eggs. The eggs are rather more delicate and tender than those of the shad, bearing any compression less readily, on account of the greater thinness and transparency of the shell.



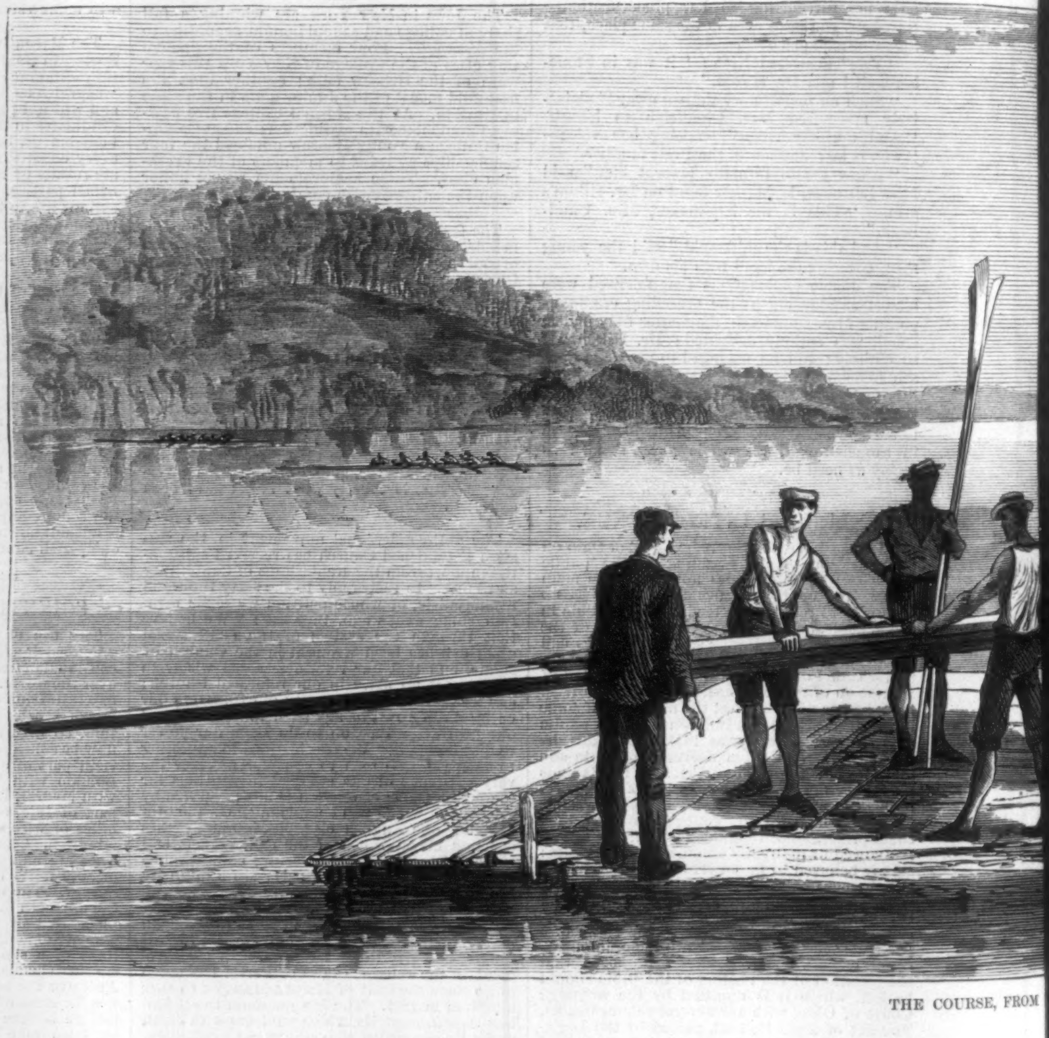
WATCHING THE CREWS—WORK AND REST.



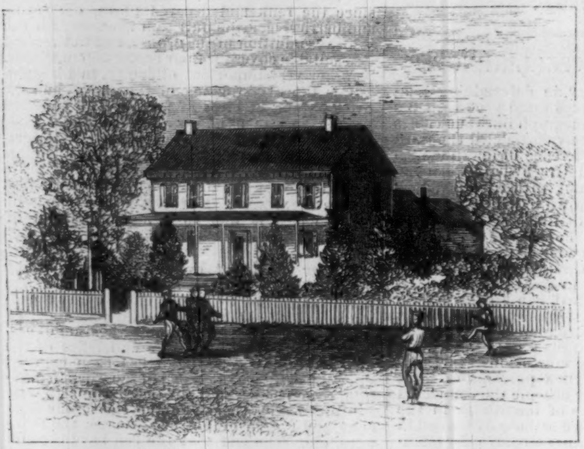
SPRINGFIELD, FROM THE



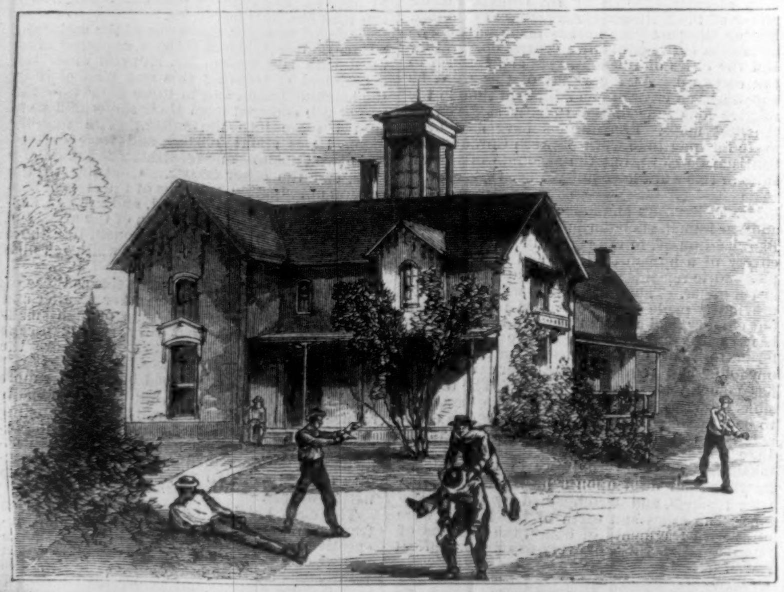
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WILLIAMS CREW.



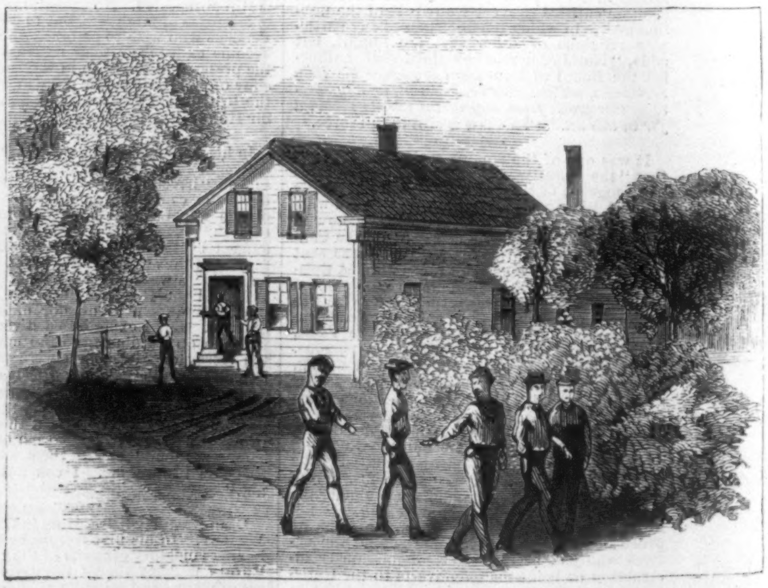
THE COURSE, FROM



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE COLUMBIA CREW.

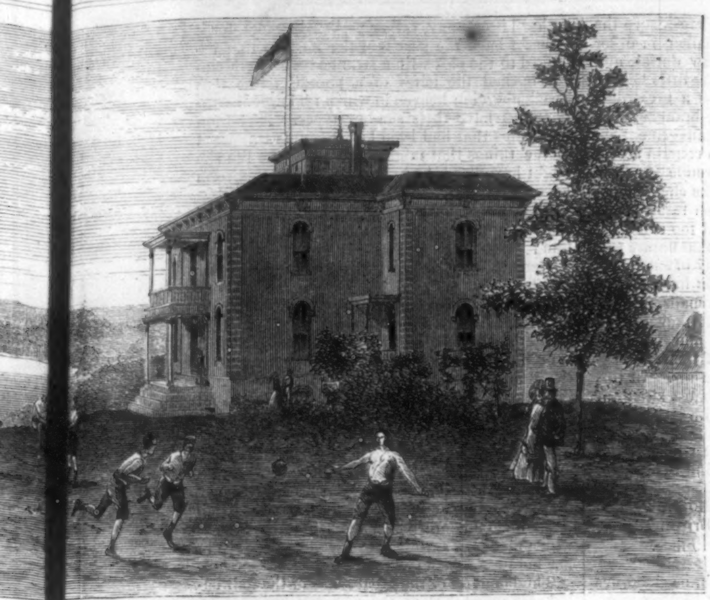


HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE HARVARD CREW.

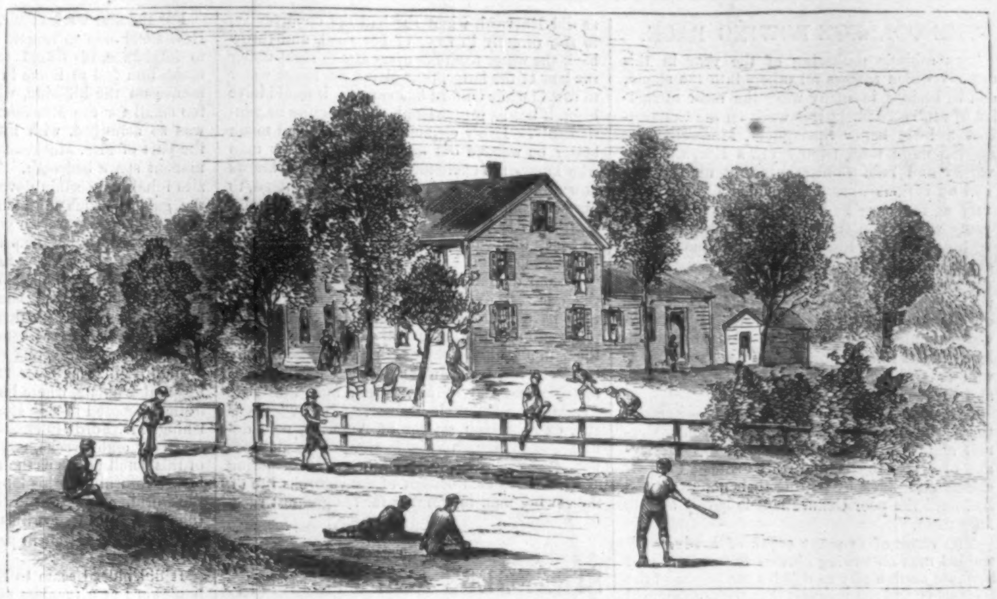


HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE DARTMOUTH CREW.

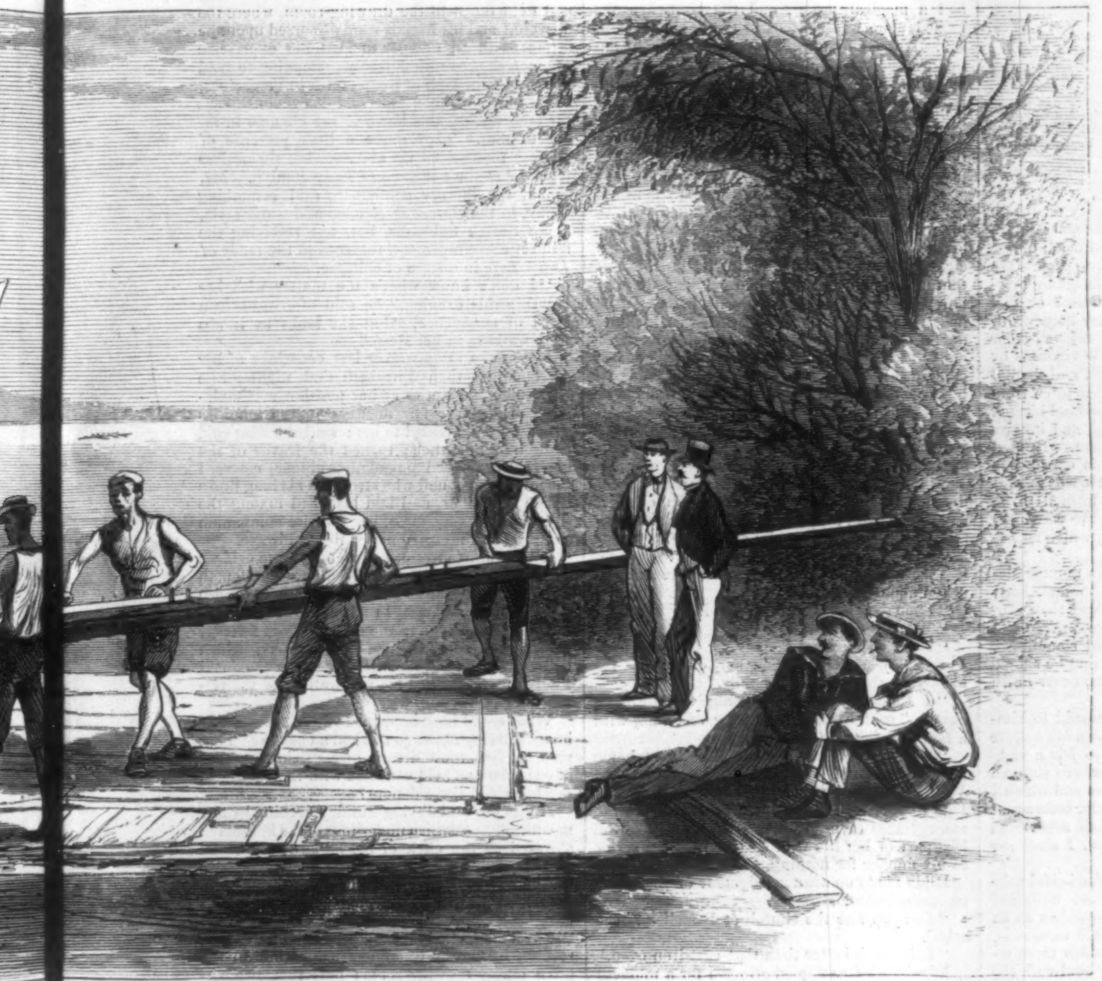
THE UNIVERSITY REGATTA FOR 1873.—



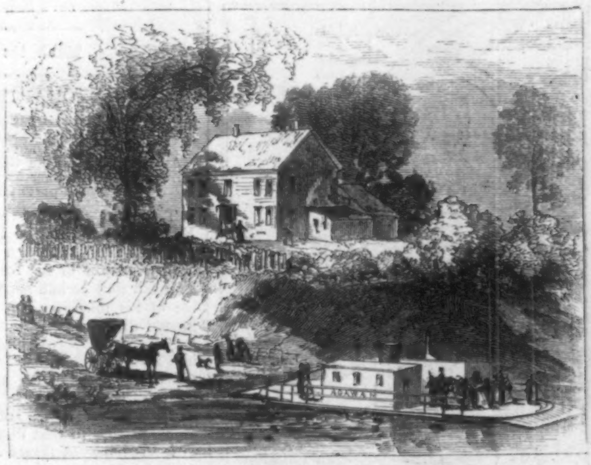
OM THE NELL HEAD-QUARTERS.



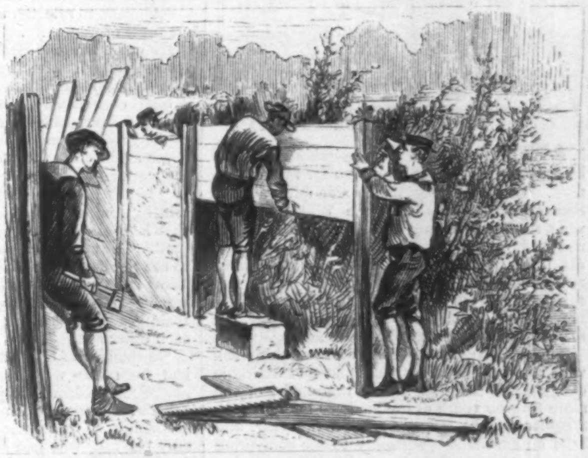
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WESLEYAN AND TRINITY CREWS.



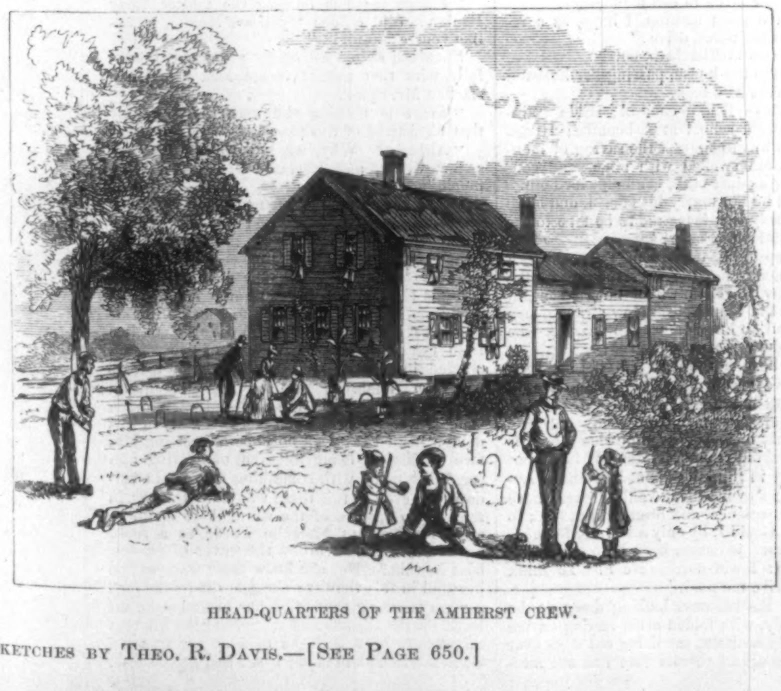
FROM COLUMBIA FLOAT.



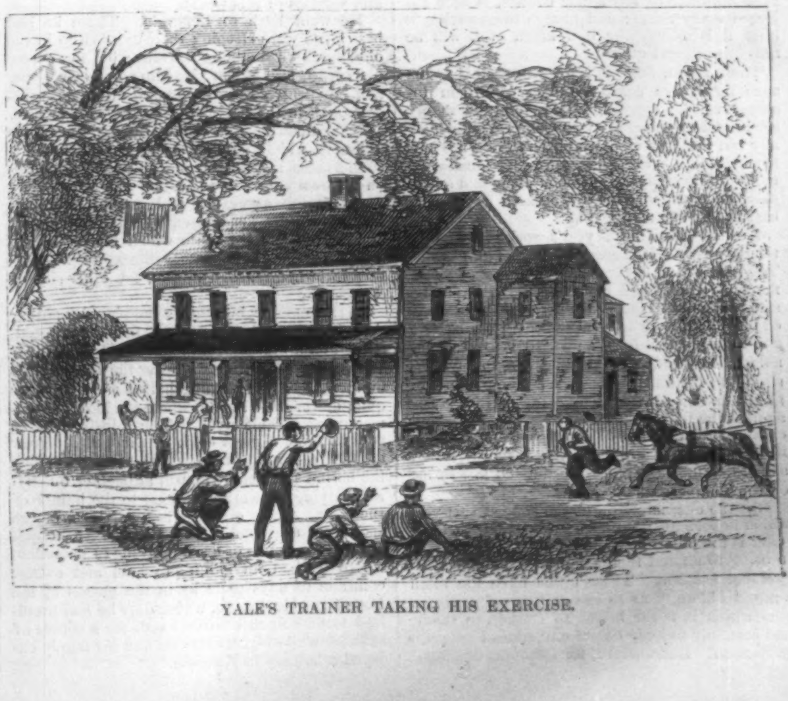
BOWDOIN'S HEAD-QUARTERS—AT THE FERRY.



BUILDING A BOAT-HOUSE.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE AMHERST CREW.



YALE'S TRAINER TAKING HIS EXERCISE.

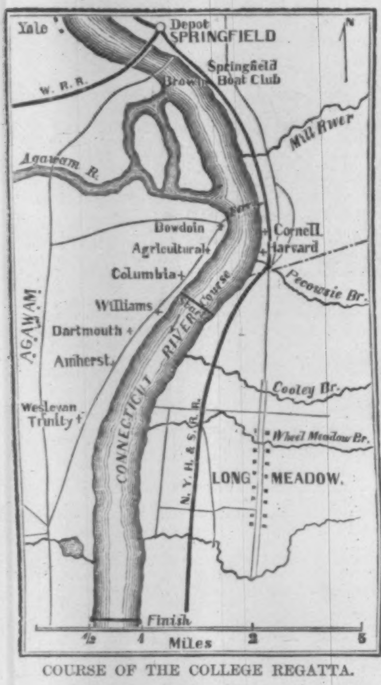
3.—F OM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 650.]

THE COLLEGE ROWING RACE.

The athletic gathering of the year in this country which throws all others into the shade, and is, besides, in many ways the most attractive of all, is that held this week on the Connecticut a little below Springfield, Massachusetts. During more than twenty years Harvard University and Yale College have, at many times and on various waters, contended for the mastery at the oar; and occasionally some third party would join them, though, until recently, with no success. But in 1871 some young farmers from the Amherst Agricultural College had the temerity to enter, and were well repaid, for they astonished all New England by carrying off the honors; while last year, as if the fashion were catching, their neighbors of Amherst College did the like, vanquishing proud Harvard as well as the Agriculturists, Bowdoin, Williams, and Yale.

Now not six crews only, but eleven—namely, those just mentioned and Columbia, young Cornell and Trinity, Dartmouth and the Wesleyans of Middletown—have all testified to their energy and pluck by putting their names on the list, until the poor Connecticut is hardly able to hold them.

The effect of so many crews of hardy, well-trained men all rowing abreast is so grand that it would seem a pity to deprive the public of the spectacle; and the prospect that the number will increase next year rather than diminish, coupled with the great danger of fouling where the river is so narrow, makes it very desirable that some broader piece of water be chosen for future contests. One which seemed to suit admirably in September, 1871, whither the **Ward** brothers went from their homes at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and vanquished England's best professionals, is Saratoga Lake, a spot already of national reputation, and though a few hours' more ride from the Eastern colleges, yet in beauty and fitness well calculated to be, sooner or later, the scene of many an intercollegiate meeting.



COURSE OF THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

There is one feature of the event of this week which is certainly a very pleasant and desirable one. Hundreds, and indeed thousands, of the more favored youth of the land are here brought together for the only time in all the year, and have an excellent opportunity to see something of each other, and find out the differences between them worth knowing. The very intercourse with others aiming at similar ends, which is so desirable at any single college, is here enlarged many times; and though the meeting is brief, it is astonishing how much of it will be remembered and quoted.

Then, again, there is a most agreeable assurance that these contests which call them together will be conducted in a fair and manly spirit, and kept entirely free from the danger of any but the best men winning. They are not rowed, like the races between professionals, for money, but simply for the good name and honor of *alma mater*, and these are cared for in each case not by one man, but six.

An innovation in this year's work is the adoption by nearly all the crews of the "sliding seat." The seat of the rower is no longer, as of old, a mere piece of board fastened securely into the sides of the boat, but is a little platform, mounted on rollers, which travel on rails running fore and aft upon that board. This contrivance enables the rower, as he reaches out to take his stroke, to bend his knees much more than formerly, and so get a far harder push with his feet against the foot-board. Though the stroke thus obtained tells far more severely on the legs, yet, if they are equal to it, the boat goes the faster, as both Cambridge and Oxford found last spring on the Thames.

But the characteristic of the contest this year which is perhaps more to be welcomed than any other is the determination among all the colleges to bring to an end the custom of employing professional trainers. These latter have too often a moral obliquity as to the manner of rowing a race which it is far better to confine to them, and certainly to keep out of any contest between gentlemen. Had Oxford, for instance, declined, as did Harvard, when she had the opportunity, to row directly in front of her rival, and throw back the water from her every stroke right under the bow of the latter, thus giving her rough water to row in while Oxford had smooth, it would have been, if not as professional, at least quite as gentlemanly. Every element of this sort had much better be weeded out and kept out. Any man who knows the excitement of a close race knows how difficult it is, if he can see any advantage, to abstain from taking it; so he ought to have very clear ideas beforehand as to his rights in any contingency likely to spring up, and be careful not to overstep them.

On our double page will be found sketches of the quarters of the various contestants, where they have been spending their later weeks of preparation. In the central one **Hank Ward**, the famous old stroke-oar, is seen assiduously coaching his men; while Cornell at the comfortable mansion of Mr. **Foth**, and the Yale Freshmen, with their trainer, "**Jimmy**" **Hamill**, ex-champion sculler of America, who delights, burly though he is, in running scrub-races with every passing horse, seem to be extracting at least some comfort out of the vigorous life of the rowing man in training for his greatest race.

(Continued from No. 863, page 602.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER VI.

> "Quel mortel ne sait pas, dans le sein des orages,
> Où reposer sa tête, à l'abri des naufrages?
> Et moi, jouet des flots, seul avec mes douleurs,
> Aucun navire ami ne vient frapper ma vue,
> Aucun, sur cette mer où ma barque est perdue,
> Ne porte mes couleurs."

Three months before the Sunday on which Elizabeth went to the little Episcopal church among the hills Malcolm Forde had come home, a very shadow of his former self, to renew the strength that he had spent in the fatiguing service of his mission. Not disheartened or disgusted with his work did he journey homeward, only intent upon returning to that beloved labor in a little while, with a frame made vigorous by the cool breezes of his native land, and mental powers that should have gained new force from a brief season of rest. Infinitely had God blessed his endeavors in that distant world, and infinite were his hopes of future achievement. He had not mistaken his mission upon this earth; the work prospered under his hand. He was of that stamp of men who are by nature formed to be leaders of their fellow-men: created to convince, to subjugate, to rule, the weaker clay which makes the mass of humanity.

He came home to Scotland in no manner depressed, though he felt that his health was shaken; that he had labored just a little longer than prudential considerations would have warranted; not cast down, although he fancied sometimes, as the good ship sailed homeward, that he should never again cross those blue waters, never finish the work so well begun.

"If not I, some other one," he said to himself, in tranquil resignation. "I can not believe that laborers will be wanting for so fair a vineyard. Let me be content if I have been suffered to see the beginning of that glorious end which I know must come in God's good time, before that wonderful day when the dead shall arise from their graves, and Alice Fraser and I shall see each other again."

He thought of his first love, whose bridal robe had been her winding-sheet, whose undefiled image rose before him, pure and stainless as an angel's; and then, with unspeakable bitterness, he thought of that other love, so much more fatally beloved, who had stained her soul with the deep shame of a loveless marriage; who had bartered purity and truth and honor, her life's liberty, her soul's independence, for the pomps and vanities of this world.

He went back to Lenorgie. Those he had best loved were sleeping their quiet sleep in the old church-yard among the hills; but there were old friends still left to give him cordial welcome, and he spent the drowsy summer-time pleasantly enough in the restful calm of his native place. His small estate was let to strangers, even the house in which he was born; but he found a comfortable lodging in one of the farm-houses on his own land. He had just sufficient society to make life agreeable, and ample leisure for making himself acquainted with the better part of that mass of literature which had been produced during his absence—literature whereof very little had reached him on the other side of the Pacific.

In this manner he spent a couple of months; then, finding his health in some manner restored, started on a walking tour from Loch Rannoch to Loch Lomond, resting wherever the fancy seized him; sometimes spending half a week at some quiet out-of-the-way inn, where the herd of summer tourists came not; fishing a little, reading and thinking a great deal, with hope that grew stronger as his physical strength revived; taking the business of pedestrianism altogether quietly, and varying his work according to the humor of the hour. Thus, after the best part of a month spent upon ground which the British tourist scours in a couple of days, he came to Dunallen, where he had an old high-school and college comrade of days gone by in the person of the Rev. Peter Mackenzie, whose duty he had promised to take upon his own hands for a couple of months, while Mr. Mackenzie and his family enjoyed a holiday in Belgium.

For the first week of Mr. Forde's residence the Rev. Peter was to remain at Dunallen, in order to introduce his friend to his new duties, and make him feel at home in the snug little Gothic manse on the hill-side, which was a great deal too small for the Mackenzie olive-branches, but was so arranged, with infinite management on the part of Mrs. Mackenzie, as to contain a permanent spare bedroom. The juvenile Mackenzies inhabited certain dove-cote-like chambers in the gables, which might have been rather large for a pigeon, but were a good deal too small for a child, except upon the principle that nature will adapt itself to any thing in the way of surroundings. The little Mackenzies might have carried their bedrooms on their backs, like snails, without being very heavily burdened; but they thrived and flourished notwithstanding, and whooped and gamboled like young scions of the Macgregor family, in that clear mountain air. In this hospitable abode, where he was almost killed, as Juliet proposed to slay Romeo, with much cherishing, Mr. Forde intended to repose himself for seven or eight weeks, counting the light duties of this small parish as the next thing to idleness, before returning to his labors at the other end of the world. He hoped to start in November, and thus escape the severities of a British winter, which he felt himself ill prepared to face.

It did indeed seem to Elizabeth, as she drove homeward at a reckless pace that Sunday afternoon, as if life and the world were new again, as if a new force had set the warm blood racing through her veins, as if the very air she breathed had a magical power, and the landscape she looked upon was glorious in the light of a new sun. It was only a little burst of afternoon sunlight, a sudden break in the dull gray sky, that beautified the hills, but to her it seemed no common radiance in the skies, no common loveliness in the landscape.

"I would be content to live on just like this forever," she thought, "if I could hear him preach every Sunday."

Lord Paulyn was enjoying the tardy sunshine before the Gothic porch of Slogh-na-Dyack as his wife drove her ponies up to the chief door of the château. He was smoking a meditative cigar, but not in solitude. His friend Mr. Lambton, a turf magnate, who had exchanged speculation in Manchester soft goods for the more hazardous operations of the turf, was lounging on an adjacent rustic bench, and his toady-in-chief, Mr. Ferdinand Spink, a gentleman who combined a taste for literature with a genius for billiards, supported himself against an angle of the porch in a state of supreme exhaustion; while, seated in a Glastonbury chair within the shelter of the porch, appeared the graceful figure of Hilda Disney. It was altogether a pretty domestic picture—the Viscount planted on the threshold of his mansion, his cousin close at hand, his friend and flatterer on either side, like the supporters in the family arms.

"And how little I am wanted here!" thought Elizabeth, with the old feeling of dislike and suspicion about Hilda.

"Been to church?" asked Lord Paulyn, coolly.

"Yes."

"Been doing goody-goody for the lot of us. I'm glad you stick to that sort of thing. It's ballast for the rest of the family."

"I thought you were going to afternoon church," said Elizabeth, turning to Hilda, with a faint suspicion in her look.

"She changed her mind, and staid at home to talk something over with me," answered the Viscount. "She's worth half a dozen stewards. I go to Hilda when I want a wrinkle about the management of my estate. She didn't live the best part of her life with such a jolly old screw as my mother for nothing, I can tell you."

Hilda made no acknowledgment of this dubious compliment.

"Did you like the church at Dunallen?" she asked.

"It is much better than that cast-iron oven."

Elizabeth's face flamed crimson for a moment as she spoke, the old transient flush like the reflection of evening sunlight. Miss Disney marked the vivid color, and wondered what there could be in a strange church to call for blushes.

"You had a good sermon, I hope, as a reward for your six miles' drive?"

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, curtly.

She went into the house, passing her husband without so much as a look.

He had Hilda—Hilda's counsel; Hilda, trained in that sordid school at Ashcombe; Hilda, whose genius was to suggest the saving of money. Her bosom swelled with anger and contempt—anger against both, contempt for both.

"Why did he not marry his cousin, and leave me to my lonely life, leave me to be true to the memory of Malcolm Forde?"

She went up to her own room, the room with the stone balcony looking over the water, the soft blue-gray wavelets which flowed beneath the hills that hid Dunallen. How strange, how sweet, how sad, to know he was so near her—he from whom she was parted forever!

"If I had been constant to him, if I had been content to live my blank, miserable life in that wretched little house at Hawleigh, to be dragooned by Gertrude, to creep on my dull way like a snail that has never been outside the walls of some dismal old kitchen-garden, if I had spent all these years in thinking about him and grieving for my loss of his love, would Heaven have rewarded my patience, and brought him back to me at last? Could I, by only a little self-denial, only a few years' patience, have been so blessed at last? No: I will not believe it. To think that would drive me mad."

She sat in the balcony, looking down at the water dreamily, with folded arms resting on the broad stone balustrade, sat living old days over again in a mournful reverie that was not altogether bitter—nay, rather perilously sweet, for it brought back the past and the feelings that belonged to the past with a strange reality. Memory opened the gates of a paradise, like that Swedenborgian heaven in which all fairest earthly things have their shadow types. And from the things that had been her thoughts wandered to the things that might have been, the life she might have lived, had she been true to Malcolm Forde.

"He would have made me a good woman," she thought. "And what have I been without him?"

Her newly awakened conscience reviewed her past life—a career of frivolity and selfishness unleavened by one charitable thought or one noble act. She had lived for herself and to please herself, and Heaven, as if in anger, had snatched from her the chosen delight of her selfish soul—the child whose influence might have redeemed her useless life, drawn her world-stained soul heavenward.

Dark was the picture of her life to look back upon; darker still her vision of the future: growing estrangement between her husband and herself—her power lessening daily as her beauty decayed; sinister influences at work to divide them, and on her own part an apathy and disgust which made her shrink from any attempt to retain her hold upon his affection.

The booming of the great gong in the hall below reminded her of the common business of life, but hardly awakened her from her day-dream. She hurried to her dressing-room, and suffered herself to be arrayed for the evening, and went down to the drawing-room, where the Viscount and his friends were dispersed upon the ottomans in all manner of attitudes expressive of extreme prostration, feebly pretending to read newspapers or look at the pictures in magazines, while they sustained muttered discussions about the odds against this horse or the chances in favor of that. They made a little pretense of picking themselves up and drawing themselves together at the entrance of Lady Paulyn. Mr. Spink, the literary gentleman, said something funny, in the *Saturday-Review*-and-water style, about Scotch Sabbaths, but, not receiving the faintest encouragement, returned to the study of *Bell's Life* in a state of collapse.

"I don't know what's the matter with her ladyship this evening," he said afterward, in a burst of confidence, "but she looks as if she were walking in her sleep."

Never was sleep-walker less conscious of her surroundings than Elizabeth that night. She performed the duties of her position mechanically; made very fair answers to the inanities which were addressed to her; smiled a faint cold smile now and then; turned the leaves of the book she pretended to read after dinner; caressed the privileged hound who stretched his long limbs beside her chair, and laid his head among the silken folds of her dress, her favorite companion at times, and fondly devoted to her always.

If the strangeness of her manner were evident to the careless eyes of Mr. Spink, a gentleman who considered the universe a clever contrivance designed as a setting for that jewel Spink, it was much more obvious to the eyes of Hilda Disney, eyes that were sharpened by a jealousy which had never slept since the day when Reginald Paulyn first betrayed his admiration for the vicar's daughter.

What could have happened within the last few hours to bring about so marked a change? That pale, set face, those dreary, awe-stricken eyes, as of one who had held converse with the very dead—what could these denote?

It was not an edifying Sunday evening by any means. The Scottish underlings of the household shivered as the click of the billiard-balls made itself heard in the servants' hall an hour or two after dinner. But how could the Viscount and his friends have lived through the day without billiards?

Elizabeth looked up from her book after a long reverie, to find herself alone with Hilda in the great empty drawing-room; only they two, sitting ever so far apart, like shipwrecked mariners who had been cast ashore on some desert island, and who were not on speaking terms.

"I hope there is nothing the matter, Lady Paulyn?" said Hilda; "you are looking so unlike yourself to-night."

Elizabeth stared at her for a moment doubtfully, with that almost vacant look which had startled Mr. Spink.

"There is nothing the matter—only—only that I am tired of this place!"

"Already? Why, we have been here only a few weeks, and Reginald likes the life so much."

"That does not oblige me to live here. The place would kill me. I can't endure the solitude. It makes me think too much. I should go mad if I staid here."

This from her who a few hours ago had thanked God for her Scottish home, had deemed it joy and peace unspeakable to breathe the air that was breathed by Malcolm Forde, to live from the beginning to the end of every week cradled in the hope of seeing him for a little while on Sunday! Yes, she had thought all this, but conscience had awakened with much thinking, and she began to feel that even in this delight, which involved no hope of meeting him face to face, of being forgiven, of hearing him speak her name with something of the old tenderness—even in this there was sin. Danger, in the common sense of the word, there could be none, for was not Malcolm Forde as a rock, against whose calm breast the waves of passion beat in vain? But she knew there was peril to her soul in this vicinity; she knew it by the passionate yearning that filled her heart as she sat by this joyless hearth and thought of the life that might have been had she held by her treasure when it was hers to hold; if she had not, at least for a little while, loved earthly pomps and vanities better than Malcolm Forde.

"I can quite imagine that the exertion of thinking must be a new sensation after your life in Park Lane," said Miss Disney, with her icy sneer; "but wouldn't it be as well to encourage the habit? The world will hardly be big enough for you if you always run away from thought. And as you grow older you would find the exercise useful as a way of getting rid of winter evenings. You remember what Talleyrand said to the young man who couldn't play whist? 'What a melancholy old age you are preparing for yourself!'"

Elizabeth did not trouble herself to dispute the justice of these observations. She started up from her seat, went over to one of the windows, and flung it open with a sharp decisive action that indicated a mind overwrought. Innumerable stars were shining in the deep dark sky; stars that shone upon him too, she thought, as she looked up at them, with that old, old thought which has thrilled the soul of every man and woman who ever lived, at least once in a lifetime: "Did he recognize me to-day as I drove past him? Does he know that I am near? Does he think of me and pity me, and regret the foolishness that parted us? Oh no; to regret would be sin, and he never sins."

Lord Paulyn came into the room while his wife was standing at the open window, listening idly to the slow ripple of the waves, looking idly at the glory of the stars, lost in thought; quite unconscious of any thing that happened in the room behind her.

He came in alone, languidly yawning. Miss Disney beckoned him over to her, with a somewhat mysterious air.

"What's the matter, Hilda? How confoundedly solemn you look!"

"I am afraid Lady Paulyn is not well."

"Bosh! She was well enough at dinner. She's been giving herself airs, I suppose. Let her alone, as I do, and she'll come round fast enough."

"No, no, it's not that. But I really think there is something strange about her. Did you not notice something in the expression of her face at dinner?"

"I have left off watching her looks. I know she's a remarkably handsome woman, and she knows it, and has given herself no end of airs on the strength of her good looks. But there are limits to a man's patience, and my stock of that commodity is very nearly exhausted."

"Do you remember what you told me about her illness after the death of your son?"

The Viscount started, frowned, and looked at his cousin with suppressed anger.

"Do you remember telling me that there was a time when the doctors feared that her mind would never recover from that shock?"

"I told you what the doctors said; but the doctors are humbugs. They had a good case, and wanted to make the most of it. I never thought any thing of the kind myself. But why the —— do you bring this up to-night?"

"Don't be angry. I am only anxious for your sake as well as hers. There is something very strange in her manner to-night. Of course it may mean nothing, only it is my duty to warn you."

"Oh, hang duty!" cried Lord Paulyn, impatiently. "I never knew duty urge any one to do any thing pleasant. The moment any one mentions duty, I know that I'm in for it."

He turned upon his heel, paced the room two or three times in an angry mood, and then went out to the balcony, where his wife was standing.

"What are you doing out here star-gazing?" he asked.

The reply came in a softer tone than he was accustomed to hear from Elizabeth's lips.

"I have been thinking a great deal this evening, Reginald, and I am going to ask you a favor. Please don't call me capricious, or be angry with me for asking it; and if you can possibly grant it, pray do."

"What the deuce do you want?" he asked, ungraciously; "more money, I suppose. You didn't make a clean breast of it the other day when you gave me your bills—though they were heavy enough, in conscience' name."

"It isn't any thing about money. I want you to take me away from this place. I know it is very beautiful. I thought at first I should never be tired of the mountains and the loch and the sea that lies beyond; but the solitude is killing me. Do let us go away, Reginald, any where. I should be happier any where than here."

"I thought as much," cried Lord Paulyn, with a hard laugh. "I thought there was some plot hatching between you and Hilda. You'd both like to spread your wings, I dare say. You'd like to go to Paris, or Baden-Baden, or Hombourg, or Brighton—some nice crowded place, where you could spend money like water. No, my dear Elizabeth, when I brought you here I brought you here to stay. I know Sloghna-Dyack isn't lively; but it's healthy, as the doctors all acknowledge, and for the time being it suits me very well indeed. I came here to diminish my expenses, and I mean to stick here till I've filled the hole you dug in my bank balance by your extravagance last season."

"What!" cried Elizabeth, with ineffable disdain. "You are here for the sake of hoarding your money! You bring me to this out-of-the-way place in order that I may cost you less! Why don't you send me away altogether? You could save more money that way. I could live upon a hundred a year."

"Then I am sorry you never tried the experiment since you have been my wife."

"Give me back my liberty. Let me go and live somewhere abroad—under a feigned name—alone, my own mistress, free to think my own thoughts, away from this wretched artificial life, which at its best seems to me like acting a part in a stage-play. Let me do that, and I will not ask you for a farthing. I will live on the pittance that belongs to me."

"A very safe offer—even if you meant it, which you don't," answered Lord Paulyn, coolly. "No, I married you because I was fool enough to be fond of you, and I'm fool enough to be fond of you still. But there comes an end to the period in which a man rather enjoys being twisted round his wife's little finger. I've been pliable enough. I've let you have your full swing. I half suspected when you refused to have any thing settled upon you that you meant to spend my money all the more freely, that you didn't want to be limited to a few hundreds, but meant to make ducks and drakes of thousands. I think I've borne with your extravagance pretty well. From this time forward, however, I mean to pull up, and nurse my income, as my mother nursed the Ashcombe estates for me. The three years of my married life have cost me about six times as much as the same amount of time in my bachelor life; and yet I didn't stint myself of any reasonable indulgence, I can assure you."

"What if I had some special reason for asking you to take me away from this place?" pleaded Elizabeth, without noticing her lord's harangue.

"A woman always has a special reason for wanting her own way," answered Lord Paulyn, with a sneering laugh.

"So be it," she said, raising her drooping head and looking at him with flashing eyes. "I will stay here, then. But remember always that I begged you to take me away, and that you refused me that favor. I will stay here, since you insist upon it, and be happy my own way."

"Be happy any way you please, so long as you don't worry me with this kind of thing. Come, now, Lizzie, be reasonable, you know. Let us retrench this year, and I'll give you a month or two in Park Lane in the spring. Of course I'm proud of you, and all that sort of thing, and I like to show you off. Only you've contrived to make it so confoundedly expensive."

"What other happiness do you suppose I expected when I married you, except the pleasure of spending money?" she retorted, in her coldest, hardest tone.

"Upon my soul you're too bad," he cried, angrily. "You're not the first woman that has married for money, by a long way, but I should think you're about the first that would look a man in the face and tell him as much without blushing."

And with this reproach he left her, to go back to his friends and smoke a moody cigar in their congenial society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FEW people understand how to make themselves comfortable in warm weather. In fact, a majority of us, in a hot day, unconsciously add "fuel to the fire" in a score of ways, which thoughtfulness and good judgment might lead us to avoid. The morning is close and sultry, which doubtless may be a pretty good excuse for languor and laziness; but suddenly, perchance, the breakfast bell rings, and you must hurry to get ready, which is a grand mistake at the beginning of a hot day. Most likely, also, some impatience comes with the haste, and the result is the blood becomes additionally heated. The common salutation, "How hot it is! I don't believe I slept a wink last night!" the constant fluttering of a fan, the quantity of ice-water consumed, and the perpetual *doing nothing* except thinking and talking about the heat—all tend to increase the discomfort which, though we may not wholly escape in midsummer, is made quite endurable by proper management. The observance of a few simple rules will tend to give coolness and comfort. Even those who have laborious duties to perform may take a hint from some plain suggestions, such as these: Never hurry; to which end do not be behindhand in any thing which must be done. Take light, cooling, but nutritious food, and don't drink too much. Do not be forever talking about the heat—it makes one feel ten times hotter. Of course never get angry, and do not fret, whatever happens, but keep the mind in a placid state. As a general rule, keep fans to be used in fainting-fits. If you must go out in the blazing sunshine, do not be afraid to carry an umbrella. By all means, even if there is no necessity of working, provide for yourself some light occupation, and attend to it diligently during proper hours: nothing makes one so thoroughly uncomfortable in hot weather as having "nothing to do." Avoid crowds; dress lightly, in spite of fashion; take regular sleep, and plenty of it; bathe slowly; and use moderation in all things. We might add a dozen or two to these impromptu suggestions, but we are much mistaken if attention to even these few will not greatly add to the comfort of every one who will give them a fair trial for one week of our "heated term."

The Parisian municipality was much perplexed about the reception of the Shah when he was about to visit the city. There were no court carriages left in Paris: all the imperial equipages had been sold or stolen. Even the cumbrous coaches of the mayors had been sold as useless lumber.

A Maine newspaper gives some practical advice to trout fishers, namely, "Throw back into the water all the small trout you catch." If this advice were heeded, the little fish thus saved would be worth something in a year or two both for sport and for food.

In 1868 the United States received only 204 immigrants from Russia. In 1872 there were 4137, showing that a very decided tendency to emigrate seems to be developing in Russia.

Glass bonnets are among the novelties of the Vienna Exposition. These articles come from Bohemia, and specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and some also to this country, in the hope that they will become popular, and be "all the fashion" next fall. The hat is described as made of loose pieces of glass fastened closely together by a gutta-percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, and the trimmings are various. Birds and flowers are chiefly used for ornamentation, colored so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the usual artificial goods. A bonnet of glass weighs but a few ounces, only a very small quantity being used in its construction. Of course they are very durable, rain will not spot them, and the cost is said to be small.

Terrapin Tower, at Niagara Falls, is now a thing of the past—a matter of genuine regret to the visitor, since, standing as it did on the verge of the Horseshoe Fall, it afforded one of the grandest views of that mass of moving waters. Some months ago the tower was found to be in a dangerous condition, and was blown up by gunpowder, and there is no immediate intention of rebuilding it.

Root-beer is by many considered a good drink for summer, not only for slaking thirst, but as a tonic. The old-fashioned method of brewing it is as follows:

Take spruce boughs, black-birch bark, sarsaparilla, winter-green leaves, sassafras, yellow dock, and dandelion roots; boil together, with a handful of hops and two quarts of wheat bran and two quarts of molasses. When boiled about two hours, strain through a sieve, cool, and add a pint of yeast. If not very sweet to the taste, add more molasses. Let it work overnight, and bottle. Secure the corks tightly, and it will foam well. The same can be made in larger quantities, and put into a fifteen-gallon cask, and worked from the bung-hole for a few days, but it will not foam so well as if bottled.

The Shah's talismans are numerous, being about two hundred in number. The most important is a five-pointed golden star, each point ornamented with a diamond. According to Persian sorcerers, this has the property of compelling conspirators to confess their projects, and it is called *Mirzoum*. A small cube of amber is the next in importance. It bears the name of *Amherad*, and is believed to render the Shah invulnerable; consequently he always wears it around his neck. A gold box, studded with emeralds, having been blessed by the Prophet, renders members of the royal family invisible, but on certain conditions, which has prevented his Majesty from testing its power, although he firmly believes in the box, which is called *Khamen*. The diamond *Hydaeb*, a splendid stone, ornaments the hilt of one of the Shah's sabres, and renders its possessor invincible; but the present monarch has not had occasion to use it. Another talisman endowed with similar properties is a dentilated khangiar; but as the destinies will that whoever uses it shall perish by it, it remains carefully inclosed in a coffer of sandal-wood, on which is engraved a verse of the Koran.

A new style of thief practices what is known as the umbrella dodge. The operator enters a store where small articles are kept for sale, and hangs his half-open umbrella on the counter; he asks, perhaps, for gloves, and, when he has a quantity before him, inquires for another kind, which will cause the clerk to turn his back, and then down goes several pairs into the half-open umbrella. The artful dodger then makes some slight purchase, carefully tucks his umbrella under his arm, and walks away. At a convenient time and place he makes a transfer of the property to his own or some accomplice's pocket.

The belief still exists that sleep taken in the early part of the night, before midnight, is most recuperative to the system. It is said that the difference in appearance between a person who habitually retires at ten o'clock and one who sits up until twelve is remarkable. Late hours cause a heaviness of eye, a sallowness of skin, and a general absence of freshness. Sound, refreshing sleep is fully as necessary for the preservation of health as food, drink, or proper clothing.

Rubinstein proposes to spend the next ten or fifteen years in the composition of sacred operas. The subjects he has in mind are Biblical, and he expects, meanwhile, to bid farewell, as it were, to the public, and to be forgotten by the world.

Two lookers-on in Vienna present the following diverse pictures of the women in the Austrian capital. One remarks:

"Undoubtedly it is in this city that German womanhood attains the highest physical perfection. Nowhere else can you see women so tall, stately, and robust, mantled with that richness of color and gladness of expression which are the products of a fine physical organization. They are for the most part decided blondes or decided brunettes, Germans or Magyars; but they all seem to be cast in the same large mould, and invested with the same magnificence. In the vitality and affluence of their charms and the scale of their ample stature they seem to be the very women that pray, smile, or dance on the warm and glowing canvas of Rubens."

The other says:

"An immense building near our hotel, occupying a whole block, is in course of erection, on which not less than four hundred persons are employed, fully two hundred of whom are women. All the hard laboring work is done by women, such as making and carrying mortar in buckets on their heads to the workmen handling the brick. They are not allowed a moment's leisure, several overseers being on guard to keep them constantly in motion. At dinner-time they swarm into the shops to purchase a piece of brown bread and fat bacon and a mug of beer, and eat their dinners sitting on the curb-stones. Their wages is one florin, or forty-eight cents, per day; and I am assured by a gentleman resident here that most of them sleep about the buildings on shavings, or in barns or sheds, having no homes. Amidst all the splendor and wealth of this great city, with its million of inhabitants, there is, perhaps, more destitution, want, and suffering than in all the cities of America."

The length of the East River Bridge will be 5862 feet, of which 3456 feet will be suspended. This is seven times the length of Niagara Suspension-Bridge. The towers will rise 268 feet above high-water mark, eighteen feet higher than Trinity spire.

Whitewash applied to walls, ceilings, fences, etc., has a highly sanitary influence at this time of year. In the country this covering is applied with good effect to the sides of barns and farm outhouses. It is cheap, easily applied, freshens and improves the appearance of things, and is salutary in its influence upon the health.

Changes are obvious at Niagara to the visitor who has allowed a few years to elapse since his last visit. The Horseshoe Fall is losing its original shape, and is gradually assuming a triangular form. The weight of the waters is breaking away the bed of rock over which it passes to such an extent that a narrow chasm is in the course of formation, into which the water will fall as from two opposite walls. Strange to say, however, the water never encroaches upon the shore on either side. The American Fall also is losing its symmetrical straightness, and is slowly changing into the outline of a horseshoe. Those who visit the Falls every year do not easily perceive all these changes, but they are perceptible to less regular visitors.

It is neither a long nor very expensive trip to go from New York to the Catskill Mountains. By railroad to Catskill the fare is about a couple of dollars; by the Hudson River day boats it costs $1 50. The boats reach the landing in ample time for passengers to get to the mountains or to any of the principal local resorts before night. The stage fare from Catskill Landing to the hotels on the mountains is about $2 50. Hotel rates average the same as at other summer resorts, but there are numerous farm-houses in the vicinity which receive boarders for a moderate price. The view from the Catskills is magnificent, and summer tourists have always found it a popular resort. Many city gentlemen send their families there for the summer, going up themselves every Saturday to spend the Sabbath.

A "cure for catarrh" is recommended by a druggist, who pronounces it an absolute remedy. It is as follows: To an ounce of glycerine add fifteen or twenty drops of carbolic acid, and thoroughly apply with a small sponge, to be found at all drug stores, known as the ear sponge. The stimulating and antiseptic properties of the carbolic acid, combined with the soothing qualities of the glycerine, produce the most happy results. This remedy also affords almost immediate relief to an ordinary cold.

Remedies for seasickness are in order at this season. To be sure, they conflict somewhat. We are told to eat nothing, eat all we can, suck lemons, drink Champagne, take a glass of brandy, nibble sugar dipped in chloroform, stay on deck, go to bed at once, keep perfectly quiet, be constantly moving—in short, do every thing and nothing all at the same time.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OUR colored friends love large words, nor are their preachers wholly exempt from this affection. A local preacher at Washington, who also holds a position in one of the departments, lately observed that he "was to get de rest of his salary at de close of de fizzicle year." Perhaps he meant physical, but more probably fiscal.

"Emma," said a little girl to her school-mate, "wouldn't it be awful if somebody should shoot our school-mistress?" "Yes," was the reply; "but then wouldn't it be nice not to have any school?"

A player performing the ghost in *Hamlet* very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humor by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavors to please you are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I must give up the ghost."

On a lady's entering the assembly-room at York, Sterne asked her name. He was told she was a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said he had often heard of Hobson's choice, but he never saw it before.

"Ain't it wicked to rob dis here roost, Jim?" "Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo; we ain't got time to consider it *now*—hand down another pullet."

Puzzled school-boy to his teacher: "But, Sir, if wanst naught be nothing, then twice naught must be something; for it's double what wanst naught is."

UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

The wind was damp with coming wet
When James and blue-eyed Lizzie met;
He held a gingham o'er his head,
And to the maiden thus he said:

"Oh, lovely girl, my heart's afire
With love's unquenchable desire;
Say, dearest one, wilt thou be mine,
And join me in the grocery line?"

The maid, in accents sweet, replied:
"Jim, hold the umbrella more my side;
My brand-new bonnet's getting wet—
I'll marry yer, yer needn't fret."

A New York farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring element, and the iron-work of the wagon in a potato sack; and then his wife laughed.

Epitaph in Banbury Church-yard, Oxfordshire. (From Cole's MSS., in the British Museum.)

"To the memory of Ric. Richards, who by a gangrene first lost a toe, afterward a leg, and lastly his life, on the 7th of April, 1656.

"Ah! cruel Death, to make three meals of one!
To taste and eat, and eat till all was gone;
But know, thou tyrant, when the trump shall call,
He'll find his feet, and stand when thou shalt fall."

A sentimental editor says, "It is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come." A contemporary is grieved to learn that his "brother of the quill has a wife with one eye."

A tailor has a bill in his window to the following effect: "Wanted—several thin coat makers." This is a fine chance for spare tailors.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

It's a sign of a storm—to tread on any body's toe that has corns; if you waken the baby on a wash-day; to call a baby ugly in presence of its mother; to spit on the parlor carpet when your wife sees it; to speak ill of your wife's relations.

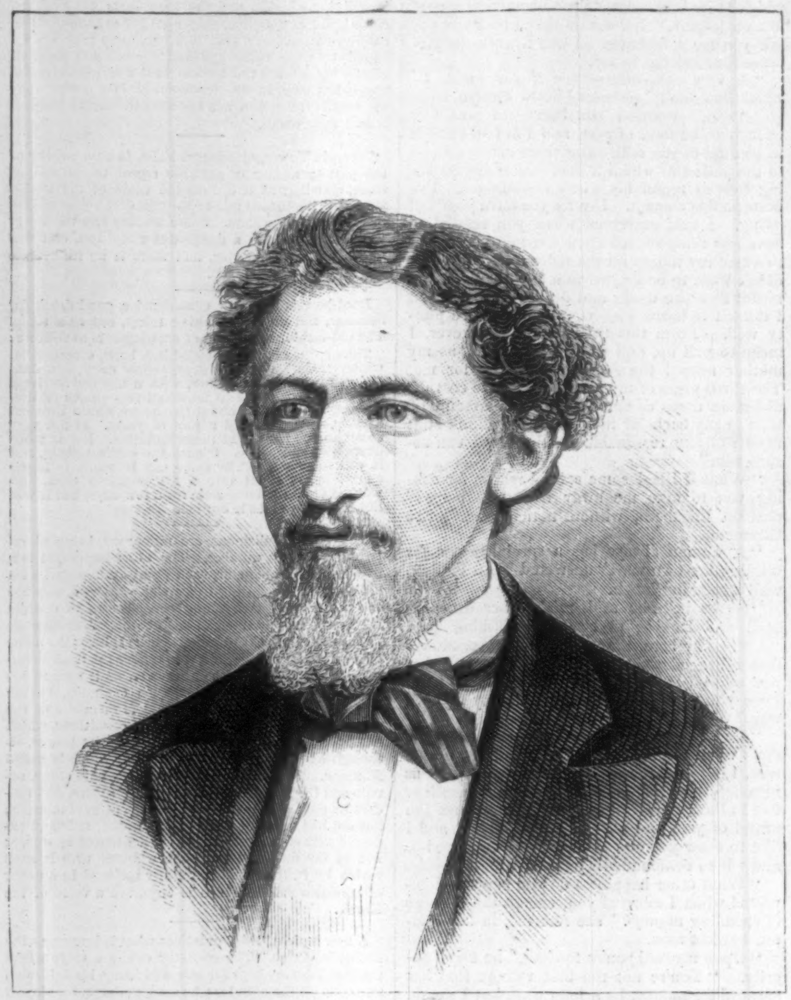
Some one tells a story of a steamboat passenger watching the revolving light of a light-house on the coast, and exclaiming, "Gosh! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can strike it."

Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question, "Which of us do you think the elder, Mr. O'Grady?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

"O that my father was seized with a remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

Vienna is said to be the worst drained city in Europe. An exchange advises the inhabitants to send for Tweed, who drained New York so successfully.

A school-boy being asked by his teacher "of what the German Diet was constituted," replied, "Sourkrout, schnapps, lager-bier, and nix cum rous." That lad must be a cousin-german to the boy who, when shown a picture of "Luther at the Diet of Worms," said, "Papa, I see Luther, but where are the worms that he is going to eat?"



WILL CARLETON, AUTHOR OF "BETSEY AND I ARE OUT."

WILL CARLETON.

THE author of "Betsey and I are Out," one of the most popular ballads in English literature, is a modest, unassuming young man, still considerably on the right side of thirty. A resident of Hillsdale, Michigan, and by profession a journalist, Mr. CARLETON had achieved a very fair reputation in the West as a writer for the press, and the author of occasional poems of considerable merit and promise, before the publication of "Betsey and I are Out" made his name familiar to the reading public from one end of the country to the other. Few single poems have achieved greater success than was the meed of this pathetic ballad. It was copied into nearly every newspaper in America, and the author soon began to taste the bitter as well as the sweet fruits of fame. He was accused of having stolen the ballad from a spiritual medium of New York, who professed to have written it several years before its publication under CARLETON'S name, and to have given a copy of it to a gentleman through whom it fell into our author's hands. On page 658 our readers will find a letter copied from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in which this controversy is handled with great clearness and impartiality; and we think no one can rise from its perusal without the conviction that the charge of plagiarism brought against CARLETON has not the slightest foundation to stand on. Such charges are easy to bring, and not always easy to disprove; but in this case the evidence in favor of the authenticity of CARLETON'S claim is happily so clear and direct as to leave no doubt in the mind of a candid reader. As the writer in the *Inter-Ocean* well says, the "claimant" on the other side, while constantly asserting her ability to substantiate her claim, has thus far entirely failed to put in a particle of real proof. Her pretensions rest solely upon unsupported assertion. Mr. CARLETON enjoys the entire confidence of all who know him, and his friends have never entertained the slightest doubt of his literary integrity.

The publication of "Betsey and I are Out" was followed by that of several other Western ballads, in which the author sought to delineate certain phases of rural life and character as he saw them in the great West. His success was hardly less decided in these than in the first of the series. "Out of the Old House, Nancy," and "Over the Hills to the Poor-House" contain rare touches of humor and pathos, and at once became popular with readers of all classes. Few volumes of poetry, unaided by the prestige of a great name, have had greater success than the collection of these ballads and a number of his earlier poems, under the general title of *Farm Ballads*, issued a few weeks ago by HARPER & BROTHERS. Several editions of this handsome volume have already been exhausted, and the demand for it is still unabated.

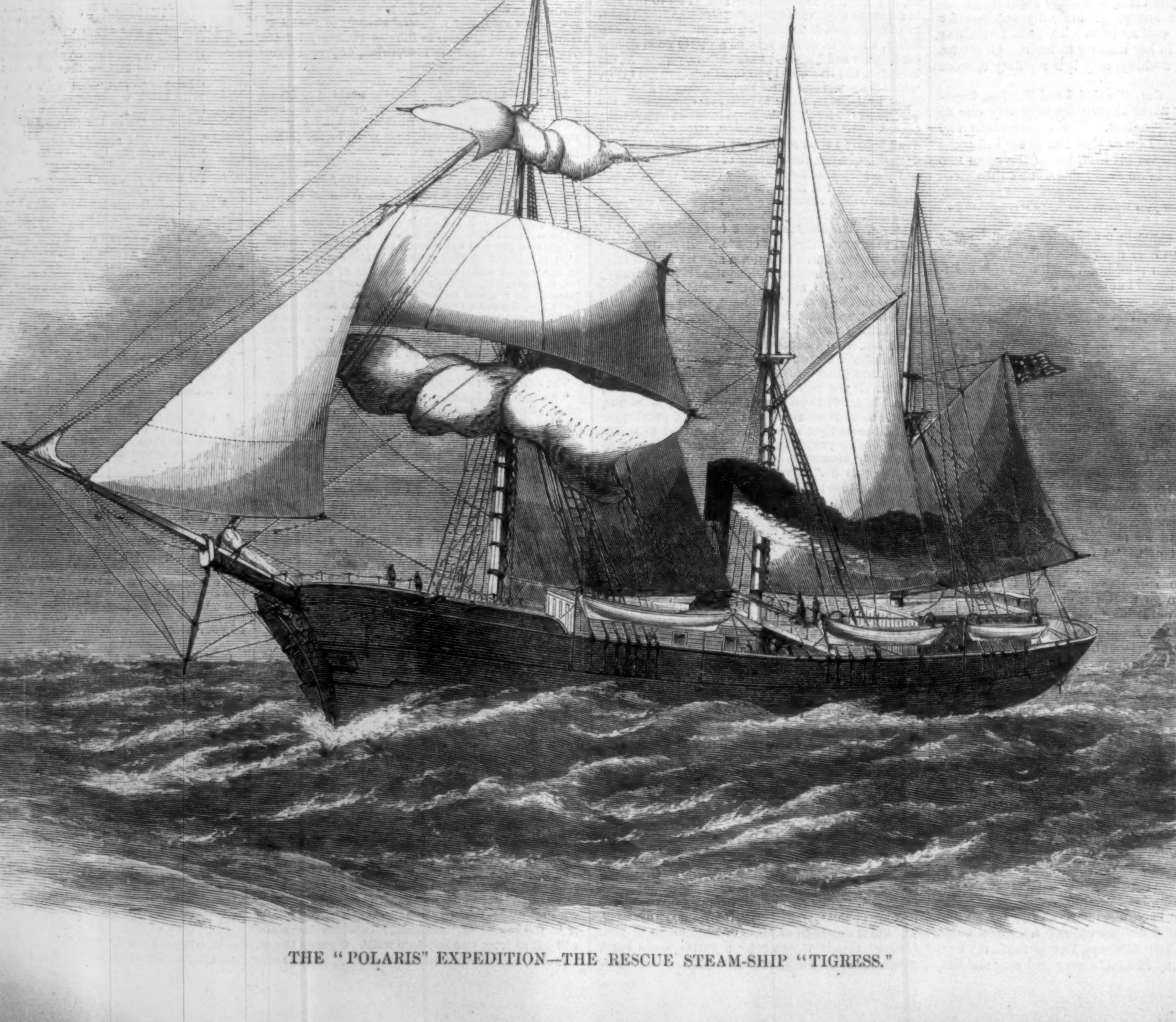
WILL CARLETON is still a young man, with a high future assured him, if, not satisfied to rest on his laurels, he will conscientiously cultivate his unquestioned talents. It is to be sincerely hoped that his present success may stimulate rather than satisfy his ambition, and incite him to put forth his best endeavors to reach a loftier goal.

THE "TIGRESS."

BY the time this page falls under the reader's eye the stanch little sealing steamer *Tigress* will be on her way toward the northern regions in search of the *Polaris*. The *Juniata*, as our readers will remember, sailed some weeks ago, laden with provisions and other stores, to await the arrival of the *Tigress* at Disco. At that port the rescue steamer will complete the shipment of stores, and proceed on her errand of mercy.

The *Tigress*, which was purchased by the Secretary of the Navy as the most suitable vessel available for the search, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted for her perilous mission. She is a small, compact vessel, of about three hundred tons burden, strongly built, and fitted with every appliance which experience could suggest. Her bows for about fifteen feet aft of the cut-water are defended by iron bands against the ice. Two ice saws, each twenty feet in length, with teeth an inch deep, and a large assortment of ordinary ice-hooks, constitute the outfit for working a passage through the floes. Steam coil pipes run all around the interior of the vessel for heating purposes, to be supplied from the boiler when under steam; but a number of stoves, with a supply of pipe, have been put on board for use in the event of the ship being frozen in, or when the steam-boilers are not in use. In the lower hold there are two hundred tons of coal, and all the remainder of the space in the hold and between decks not above accounted for will be filled with provisions and clothing. The provender includes every variety of canned meat and vegetables.

The personnel of the *Tigress* comprises forty men. Her captain, Commander JAMES A. GREER, is Professor of Seamanship at the Naval Academy, and is an officer of great experience and ability. He is forty years of age, a graduate of the Academy, and during the late war was in command of several important expeditions. He will spare no efforts to find the *Polaris*. The other officers of the *Tigress* are as follows: Executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander H. C. WHITE; lieutenants, R. M. BERRY, URIEL SEBREE, and GEORGE F. WILKINS; assistant paymaster, GEORGE E. BAUGHMAN; assistant surgeon, J. W. ELSTON; first assistant engineer, Mr. MELVILLE; ice masters, Captain TYSON and Mr. CHIPMAN. The family of HANS, the Greenlander, will be taken back to Disco on board the *Tigress*, and the Esquimau, "JOE," will accompany the ship in her search, to act as interpreter.



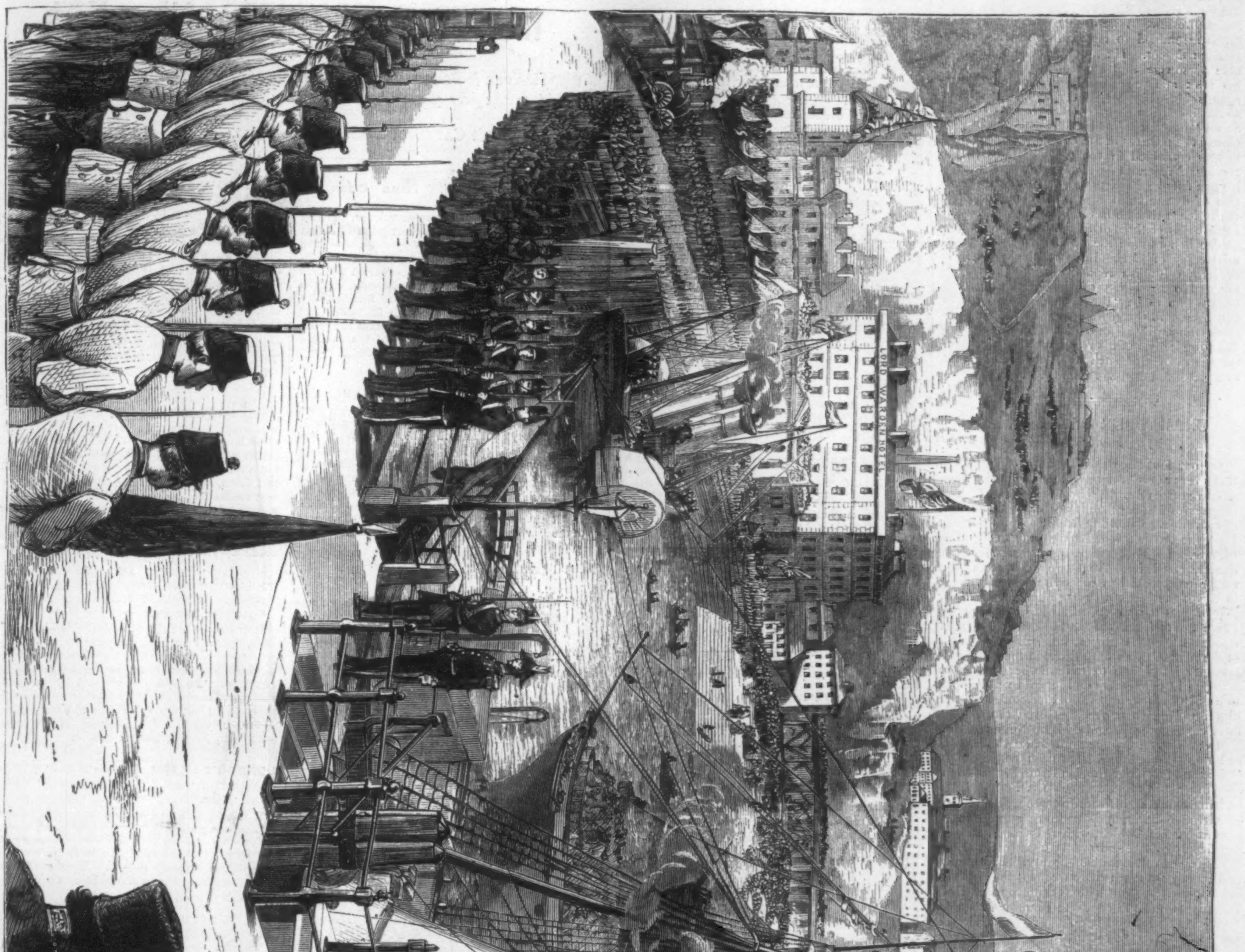
THE "POLARIS" EXPEDITION—THE RESCUE STEAM-SHIP "TIGRESS."

LANDING OF THE SHAH AT DOVER.

On the 18th of June the Shah of Persia, who had been sojourning a short time at Brussels, was roused from sleep at four o'clock in the morning to take the train to Ostend, where he was to embark for Dover. His Majesty demurred a little to the unreasonable hour, but upon being courteously informed that time and tide would wait for no man, not even an Eastern potentate, submitted with good grace, bade his host, the King of the Belgians, good-by, and was soon comfortably seated in the royal railway carriage. At Ostend the Shah, for the first time since leaving home, saw the sea—the real sea; not a sluggish, inland, salt-water pond, like the Caspian, but a bit of the genuine true-blue ocean. The bit of ocean behaved in a very considerate manner. Instead of roaring and lashing his tail, to show the Persians what a terrible fellow he could be, he lay as tranquil as a pussy-cat on a hearth-rug.

And now came the embarkation. There were three dispatch boats in the harbor, waiting to take his Majesty and suit over to Dover; the Shah and some of his company went on board the *Vigilant*, the rest followed in the *Lively* and *Vivid*. Some delay was caused by the fall of a trunk into the water. The English sailors dived after it and recovered it. About 8 A.M. the three vessels started for England. This piece of traveling was not accomplished in silence. Cheering and shouting, of course, there was in plenty, but journeying monarchs have worse noises to endure than these. They must submit to have the drums of their ears cracked with the banging of big guns. There was a royal salute fired on leaving Brussels, another at Ostend, while, before they had got ten miles out to sea, the dispatch boats were met by three warlike monsters, the *Vanguard*, the *Audacious*, and the *Devastation*, which poured forth a deafening thunder from the mouths of their "Woolwich Infants." At half past one there was another surprise for the Persians. The Channel Squadron appeared in two lines, and, closing round the invaders, uttered a majestic salute of twenty-one guns. As the smoke rolled away a whole fleet of excursion steamers became visible, while behind these the chalk cliffs of Kent and Dover Castle glittered in the sun.

On shore every coign of vantage was occupied by spectators, and a group of royal princes and other notable personages had assembled on the Admiralty Pier to welcome the Shah. At half past two the *Vigilant* touched the pier, and the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur went on board, and luncheon was served while the baggage was being taken ashore. This conveyance of the baggage was a lengthy operation, but it mightily interested the spectators, inasmuch as there were silver jugs and golden tea-pots, and coffee-pots and pipes and swords innumerable. At length the Shah was ready to land. As he climbed



THE SHAH'S FIRST STEP ON ENGLISH GROUND—THE LANDING AT DOVER.

the steep gangway the band of the Thirty-eighth struck up the *Persian March*, and as he set foot on the red cloth which was taken to be his first step on English soil, the great guns of the fleet opened fire in a grand salute.

From the time of his landing the Shah was subjected to a constant succession of receptions, balls, and banquets. There was a royal reception at Windsor, a State ball at Buckingham Palace, a visit to Woolwich Arsenal, and a grand military review. Wherever the Shah went, thousands assembled to have a stare at a genuine Eastern despot. He appears to be a disagreeable personage, and attracts attention only by his rank and the splendor with which he surrounds himself. Mr. Watterson, in a letter to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, describes him as an "ugly cuss," and adds: "He resembles closely the pictures of the more cruel of his forefathers contained in the early editions of the *Arabian Nights*. I dare say he has caused many a poor fellow's head to be chopped off on a notice of five minutes, and it would not surprise me to learn that he has a trick of making himself a widower three or four times a month."

The honors paid the Shah by the court and aristocracy of England roused the indignation of certain English republicans, who have fulminated a resolution to the effect that they believe him to be "the most despotic ruler in existence, and the representative of all that degrades humanity;" and they therefore express their disapproval of his reception by the government, and of all "such heathenish exhibitions in a pretended civilized country."

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN PERSIA.

On our first page this week our readers will find a very interesting series of Persian sketches, engraved from drawings by a native artist. The pictures of Persian ladies are quite the reverse of charming. Of all the female costumes of the East, the Persian is undeniably the most unbecoming. In Turkey the light *yashmack*, frequently consisting of but two folds of muslin, rather enhances than otherwise a pretty face; in Egypt the black nose-bag allows a sparkling pair of eyes to be seen, while in both cases the figure is far from entirely hidden by the outer cloak. In Persia proper, however—for many of the nomad tribes have dropped the veil—it is perfectly impossible to tell whether the figure wrapped in pillow-case and latticed veil belongs to a girl of fourteen or an old lady of sixty, the disguise being so perfect that even the fondest lover could never recognize his mistress unaided. The cowl, however, does not make the monk, and notwithstanding her prudish concealment of face and form, our Persian damsel is far from disliking a flirtation, even with a Feringee, be he handsome; and if safe from the observation of a true believer, may perhaps grant him a peep at her face, which, with red-stained cheeks and deeply dyed eyebrows, is usually far from the European standard of beauty. Flirtations in Teheran are much more frequent than people are apt to suppose. The very uncouthness of their dress and the complete disguise it affords favor many a love intrigue. In-doors, a Persian lady is, to our eyes, scarcely less inelegant. The long trowsers are usually of thick silk, reaching down to the ankle, and so voluminous and stiff that they stand out like the old hooped petticoats of our grandmothers. The upper part of the body is covered by a bodice, more or less richly embroidered, under which a white silk chemise is to be seen. The damsel in the illustration, however, is evidently prepared for an intruder, as she has her thick black veil round her shoulders, ready to pop over her face upon the slightest alarm of "man." The Persian manner of sitting, as may here be seen, is not cross-legged, *à la Turc*, but is a complete kneeling position, with the hips almost resting upon the ankles, and the back upon a cushion. The dancing girls are confined to the houses of the rich, and, unlike the *Almees* of Egypt, do not move about in troops. Indeed, many are much loved by their masters; and the well-known Fatteh Ali Shah was so grieved at the loss of a favorite dancer named Tootee—*Anglice*, Parrot—whom he had raised from humble rank to a place in his seraglio, that he had her buried near the tomb of a holy saint, and frequently visited her grave.

The street sellers of mutton broth and iced water are familiar street characters of Persian towns. The latter is a most welcome personage, for the water usually supplied to the town is bad and dirty, besides containing large quantities of vermin washed from the bodies of true believers. He brings his ice from the mountains, and for a cent or less will give you a cup of water from the leathern bag on his back, poured over the lumps of ice he keeps in the bowl. The Syeds, or members of the tribe of Mohammed, are here, as, indeed, throughout all Mohammedan countries, universally revered and looked after. Some are better educated, and often of more liberal principles, than their brethren, but for the most part they are heartily fanatical, and do much to retard the advance of civilization. Like the Hadjis, or Mecca pilgrims, they are distinguished by a green turban. A Moollah, or priest, is too well known to need description; they wear the turban instead of the cloth cap, or caftan, of the lay Persian.

Timid People who require teeth extracted should send to the Colton Dental Association for a copy of Rev. Dr. Prime's letter describing his delightful experience with Laughing Gas. 66,722 patients have tested it.—[*Com.*]

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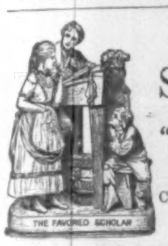

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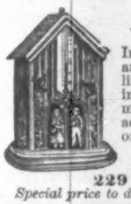

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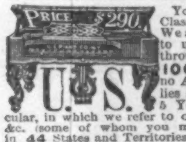

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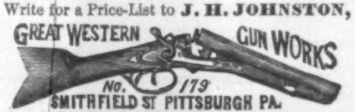

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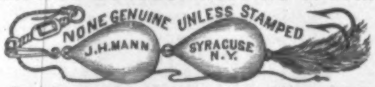

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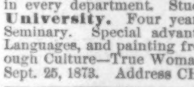

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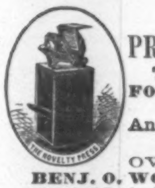

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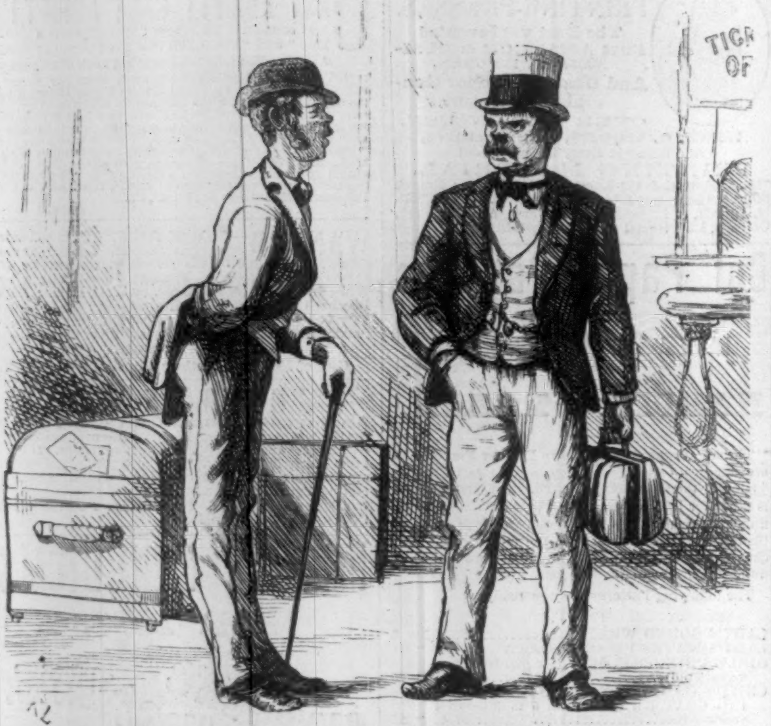

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PAT. "Dade am I. A dacent Irishman wud have to Work or Starve in Noo Ya'ark wid this thunderin' Know-Nothin' Mayor."

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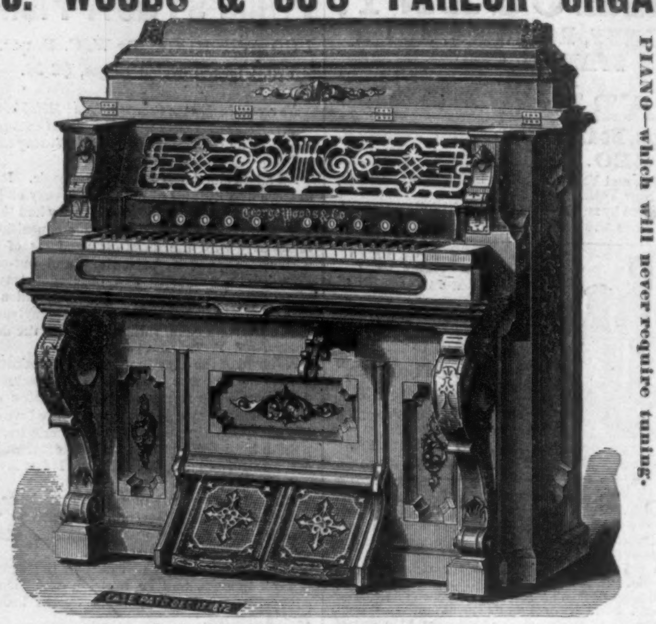
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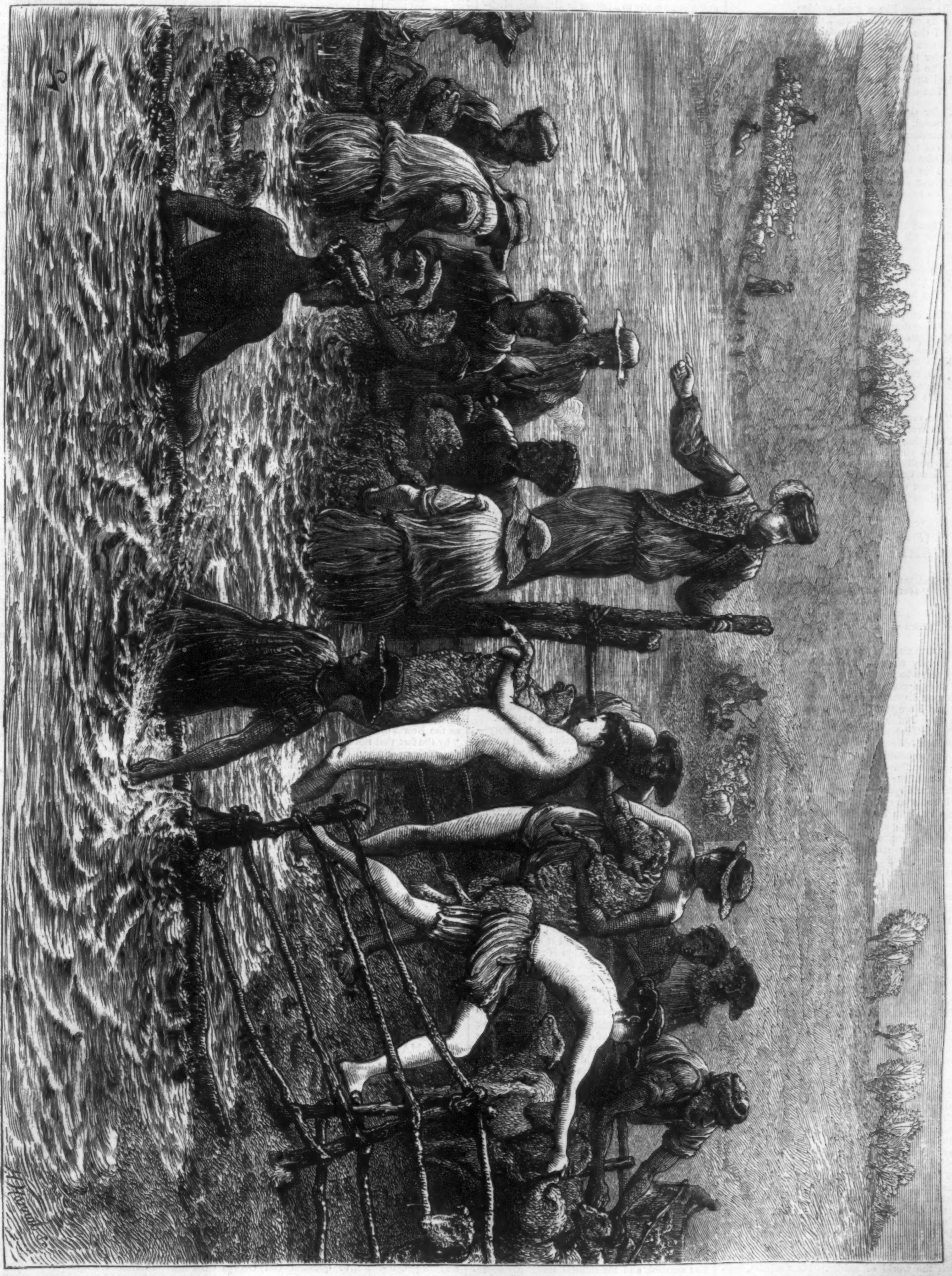
SHEEP-WASHING IN HUNGARY.



SHEEP-WASHING IN HUNGARY.

Wool is one of the chief products and articles of export in Hungary. The flocks of sheep, especially in the middle parts of the country, in the valleys of the Garan and Eipel, where the Carpathians soften down into gently sloping hills, before all traces of unevenness are lost in the great plains of the river Theiss, rival the best of Silesia and Saxony in the amount of their produce and the fineness of the fleece, and form an important part of the property of the greater land-owners, who in the summer use their forests as sheep-walks. In consequence of the dry and healthy climate, and the facilities offered by the nature of the country, these land-owners are able to bear competition both with the more distant but far more extensive wool-growers of Australia, of whose operations we gave an account last week, and with the more careful and scientific farmers of Germany. The climate of Hungary is, indeed, one of the mildest in Europe, owing in part to the great northern barrier formed by the chain of the Carpathian Mountains. Often, when snow still lingers on the northern slopes of the mountains, summer heat prevails on the southern lowlands, especially in the region of the Maros. The climate of the great central plain resembles that of Northern Italy in mildness and salubrious qualities, although its sandy wastes give an aridity to the summer winds. Spring is said to be the most agreeable season, but the Hungarian autumn often partakes of the character of our Indian summer. The fertility of the soil, with the exception of several mountainous and sandy regions, makes it well adapted to farming and grazing.

In most parts of the country the sheep are shorn in June, the lambs in August. Before being shorn the sheep are washed in the rivers, where this is possible, among which the Eipel is especially renowned for the cleansing quality of its waters. The sheep are made to jump down from some high embankment into deep water, generally below a mill-dam, when they swim down stream until caught by men posted across the river, who rub them thoroughly, and clean the fleece. The lambs are carried into the water. Their instinct not being sufficiently developed to teach them to swim down stream, if jumped, they whirl round and swim in one place till they sink. Even yearlings are sometimes lost in this way. The older sheep take the leap fearlessly, and make straight for the washers, as if their knowledge was not wholly derived from instinct. They evidently act from experience and memory.

The men employed at sheep-washing in Hungary are generally gypsies. Though incapable of continued labor, they can always be hired for work which is to last but a few days. Standing all day in water which is sometimes quite cold is rather a severe task; but the gypsies prefer it to plowing or hoeing, especially when copiously supplied with brandy to keep out the cold, while the most industrious Hungarian peasant would rather work in the field a week than stand for a single day in the river washing sheep.

A SERENADE.

FROM the folds of your snow-white pillow,
My love, my beautiful, rise,
And come to the casement window,
Where the wind through the cedars sighs:
Star and planet are leaping
Out through the cloudless blue;
Planet and star are weeping,
And wondering where are you.

The moon, like a royal maiden,
Sits on her cloud-built throne,
And the breath of the dainty tulips
From the garden maths is blown;
Under the drooped narcissus
The bulbul sits and sings,
And the leaves of the rose are brushing
The dew from the wind's light wings.

Under thy leafy casement,
Sweet, I am waiting still,
Watching the lamp-lit lattice
Till thy hand on the window-sill
Rustles the dainty rose leaves
That lovingly cluster there,
Sighing till somebody culls them
To twine in thy dark brown hair.

My own, my beautiful Nina,
Come, till my love I pour—
Come, till I tell the passion
My heart can hide no more—
Till I sit in the rich sweet lustre
Of thy dark blue eyes divine,
And bless in a blissful rapture
The hour that shall make thee mine.

Shine out, O shimmering planet!
O panting shadow! lie still:
Methinks 'tis the rim of her raiment
I see by the window-sill;
Hush, bulbul under the roses!
Oh, rapture! the hour draws near!
Silence, thou restless zephyr!
'Tis her step, 'tis her voice I hear!

"Do you think we have all gone mad, Sir?
In truth, I wish you'd leave off;
I'm dying to-night with a toothache,
And your howling won't cure my cough.
'Tis really strange, 'tis monstrous,
How little of sense remains,
Or even of common politeness,
When folks get love on their brains."

[*From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

CARLETON-EMERSON.

An Impartial Literary View of the "Betsey-and-I-are-Out" Controversy.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, *June*, 1873.

A GENTLEMAN of this city, who has a fondness for literary controversies, has collected into a huge scrap-book every thing that has appeared in the newspapers bearing on the famous Carleton-Emerson dispute as to the authorship of "Betsey and I are Out." I have been favored with the perusal of this bulky and, for the most part, rather dull volume of scraps, which the compiler intends, I believe, to present to the Astor Library, for the benefit of the next ages, and, with his permission, have been at some pains to eliminate the facts of the controversy from the mass of conjecture and special pleading with which, it must in fairness be said, the advocates of the lady in the case have ingeniously contrived to conceal the real points at issue. The friends of the lady "claimant" were early in the field, and from their noise and clatter people began to think she really had justice on her side, and that Carleton was no better than a literary sham and thief, who was trying to tear from her brow the poetic laurels which she alone had the right to wear. The superficial advantages were all on her side. She was a woman, to begin with—a woman with an apparent grievance and a mysteriously suggested romantic history, which at once enlisted public sympathy in her behalf. American gallantry always flies to the assistance of the aggrieved female; and Carleton labored under the double obloquy of stealing poetry and stealing it from a woman.

Miss Emerson's case was brought before the public with a great deal of finesse. Soon after the publication of the ballad in *Harper's Weekly* a friend of hers called on the editor of that paper, Mr. S. S. Conant, to put in on her behalf a claim to the authorship. This was met by the offer to examine proofs, if she could produce any, and by the request that she should submit other ballads and poems for consideration, for which the same compensation was offered, if her contributions were found to equal "Betsey and I are Out" in literary merit, as was paid to Carleton. Miss Emerson, or, as she then called herself, Mrs. French, subsequently called in person on Mr. Conant, and asserted that she alone was the author of the ballad. Her story then was, as circulated by her friends, that she had composed the ballad while in a state of trance, she being what is known as a medium, and had sold it to Mr. Will Carleton for the paltry sum of $2, that being the very moderate fee for which the lady put favored mortals into direct communication with the world of spirits. Mr. Carleton, supposing this story to have any foundation in fact, was extremely improvident not to improve this splendid opportunity to obtain not only one but many ballads while the price of inspiration was so cheap. Miss Emerson was understood, on the authority of her friends, to compose under the direct inspiration of the late George D. Prentice. She claims to have subsequently raised her price—possibly on a hint from the spirit of the great Western wit, who could not with much complacency have seen his ghostly lucubrations sold at the price of a street ballad—and to have dictated a sequel to "Betsey and I are Out" to Mr. Carleton for the more respectable sum of $15. The curious feature of this story was that Carleton had never been in New York, and therefore, supposing her story to be true, must have taken down the ballad from her dictation over a distance of several hundred miles! That a "medium" should sit in a New York sanctum and dictate orally to a person in Hillsdale, Michigan, supposes a perfection in spiritual telegraphy which should make the fortune of a medium. Such a gift would be invaluable in a correspondent or interviewer. A medium with such miraculous powers might open a central news office, and dictate the intelligence of the world to the newspaper press. Ocean telegraph stock would go down to zero in the face of such an opposition, and the Associated Press would find its occupation gone.

Miss Emerson departed, a little disconcerted, from her interview with the editor, but promised to send him specimens of her poetic abilities. One or two were afterward received; but they were so inferior in literary merit to "Betsey and I are Out" that the editor was forced to believe either that the soul of the lamented Prentice was rapidly running out of poetry or that the lady was laboring under some extraordinary hallucination in regard to her share in the production of the former ballad. It was certainly a suspicious circumstance that Miss Emerson, while claiming to have written "Betsey and I are Out" under the inspiration of a great wit, and desiring to establish her claim, should be writing inferior ballads, and thus casting a shadow upon the ghostly reputation of Mr. Prentice and damaging her own prospects, while the very man whom she stigmatized as a thief and impostor should keep on writing verses of equal vigor and merit with the poem which first called his name into notice. Could the chivalric Prentice have gone back on his protégé in so unhandsome a manner? Most people, I imagine, will be ready to accept a different explanation of this anomaly.

Miss Emerson herself, doubtless acting under friendly advice, at length dropped the Prentice myth, and now claims to have been writing poems for many years out of her own head, among them "Betsey and I are Out," as a sort of family amusement. Her family history, we are informed, is rich in legends which she worked over into verse, with so little idea that she was doing any thing of value that she was accustomed to leave the precious metrical morceaux lying around loose on scraps of paper which any body might appropriate. To the editorial mind there is a startling improbability in this story. Young women who write poetry are not apt, nowadays, to let their lucubrations lie around loose on scraps of paper. As a rule, before the ink is dry the precious commodity is on its way to some editorial sanctum; and ten to one it is followed next day by an impatient missive of inquiry into its fate. Miss Emerson claims to have thought so little of her verses that she allowed any one who chose to make copies of them; and neither the opinion of her friends nor the pecuniary motive appears to have suggested the idea that they might be sold as well as given away. Truly, Miss Emerson must have been an exception among authors.

In this way, according to the new theory—that of ghostly inspiration having proved untenable—a number of copies of "Betsey and I are Out" floated promiscuously about the country, until one of them fell into the hands of Mr. Will Carleton, of Hillsdale, Michigan, who forthwith, as Miss Emerson now claims, appropriated the verses, and published them under his own name in the Toledo *Blade*, to which paper he had long been a favorite contributor in prose and verse. The ballad was thence copied into the New York *World*, with a few verbal alterations to improve a halting line or two, and with an editorial introduction, calling attention to its peculiar merits. Miss Emerson, who had paid no attention to its publication in the Toledo *Blade*, took no notice of its appearance in the *World*, though this was the time when she should have spoken, or forever held her peace; and it was not until after it had been reproduced in *Harper's Weekly* that she preferred her claim, as already narrated. Even then she did not press her claim, but allowed the matter to rest until it was announced that the Harpers were about to issue a volume of Carleton's poems under the title of *Farm Ballads*. Then hints began to appear in the New York correspondence of country newspapers that Will Carleton was about to be shown up as a literary impostor of the deepest dye, and that Miss Emerson was about to come out with convincing proofs of the validity of her claim. To aggravate the heinous character of Mr. Carleton's offense, it was asserted that Miss Emerson was a near relative of the poetic Sage of Concord. This created sympathy, if it did not convince the public.

Mr. Carleton paid no attention to these rumors and insinuations. His volume of *Farm Ballads* was published by the Harpers in handsome style, and met with a very flattering reception. Miss Emerson, almost at the same time, published through C. W. Carleton & Co. a volume of poems under the title of *The Thanksgiving Story*, in which "Betsey and I are Out" was included. And then was commenced a concerted onslaught on Will Carleton. His character was assailed, and his abilities studiously depreciated. He was branded as a "literary pirate." Dozens of light wits among the Bohemian free lances of New York were employed to write Miss Emerson up and Carleton down. Mr. Eli Perkins was, among others of that ilk, sent to interview Miss Emerson, and told the story of her supposed wrongs in the gushing style of which he is an acknowledged master. I quote a portion of his remarkable report of that interview for the purpose of making a connected story. He says:

> "Miss Emerson was born of four generations of Baptist ministers, in the town of Wakefield, near Boston. Her ancestors are stern, upright Puritans, all farmers. She has been writing her simple farm ballads for years, always telling the homely stories of her own family. The story of how Uncle 'Liab 'got out' with Betsey, and how they 'made up' again, are incidents of family history. They occurred in the town of Wakefield (now called Reading), and the residents all know about them. She is a sad, serious young lady of perhaps twenty-seven years, modest, retiring even to bashfulness. It is only her timidity that has kept her in the background while Mr. Carleton has enjoyed honors which belonged to her. She dresses as plain and simple as a child, and talks as if she feared to be brought into prominence. Years ago Miss Emerson had a love affair with a young gentleman. They were engaged for three years. He grew to be the idol of her heart. One day the false lover went off and married a rich young lady from Boston. She afterward married a Mr. French, but he soon died, and she took her maiden name, Emerson. She is a cousin to Ralph Waldo Emerson. Miss Emerson used to write her family legends on bits of paper, envelopes, and old book leaves in the most careless manner. She read them at family reunions, read them to her invalid mother, and read them to Dr. Gorham Blake, of Boston, who figures as one of the characters in the book. 'Betsey and I are Out' was composed in 1869, and is the true story of her great-uncle, Eliab Pratt, deacon of the First Baptist Church of Reading, Massachusetts, and his wife, Betsey Flint. Parker Pratt, now living in Reading, remembers the old quarrel of Eliab and Betsey."

Several amusing discrepancies appear in the foregoing extract. It will be a mystery to most readers how Miss Emerson could be born of four generations of Baptist ministers—unless she was "born again" several times over—and how these "Baptist ministers" could also be "stern, upright *Puritans*," and all "farmers!" This is evidently one of those things that "no fellah can find out." The mention of Mr. Parker Pratt seems to have been also unfortunate; for the Boston *Advertiser* sent a reporter to interview him, with this result:

> "Unfortunately Mr. Parker Pratt, of Reading, does not remember the old quarrel of Eliab and Betsey. In fact, until brought to his notice yesterday, he never heard of Eliab, nor of Miss Emerson, nor of Will Carleton, nor of the disputed poem; and he can not for the life of him understand why he should be supposed to know any thing about any or either of them. Mr. Pratt says, however, that he did have an uncle William Pratt, who married a Betsey Flint somewhere about the year 1820. This William Pratt, however, was not a deacon of the First Baptist Church of Reading, nor ever was a deacon of any church, but he moved from Reading to New Hampshire about forty years ago, and died there fifteen or twenty years later. His married life was a happy one, and he never was 'out' with Betsey, so far as his nephew knows. Further than all this is the fact that Miss Nanette Snow Emerson, who must be a relative of Mr. Parker Pratt, if the *Graphic's* story be true, is wholly unknown to him, although he has lived all his life in Reading, where, we are told, she resides. Altogether, these facts make one inclined to distrust the whole story."

Miss Emerson is also quoted as saying that she read the poem years ago to Mr. Moulton, of the Boston *True Flag*, and to Miss Hattie Merrill, a young lady of that city, and that these parties, with others, are ready to make affidavits to this effect. So far from this being the case, says the Boston *Journal*, "they both deny Miss Emerson's assertion, and have only a shadowy recollection of the lady herself. Miss Merrill never saw or heard of Miss Emerson until last summer. The family of Ralph Waldo Emerson are also in profound ignorance of her."

It will thus be seen that Miss Emerson's claim rests upon her bare assertion, unsupported by a particle of proof, while it is at once disproved, as the New York *Tribune* very justly remarks, "by the fact that not a line in her volume bears the slightest kindred to the ballad she has so coolly appropriated." She has shifted from one story to another, as her position became untenable, and though asserting loudly, through her publishers and friends, her ability to substantiate her claim, she has thus far entirely failed to bring forward a single fact to make her assertion good. If she can substantiate her claim, it is certainly fair to ask why she doesn't do it and end the controversy. The fair inference from all this shuffling and shilly-shallying is that her "proofs" are mythical, and that her claim will never rest upon any thing more substantial than her unsupported assertion.

Mr. Carleton has as yet made no statement beyond his published card; and it really seems as if there were no need of his doing so, the entire failure of Miss Emerson to make good her side of the case having left him complete master of the field. It is probably not hazarding too much to express the belief that her claim will soon be forgotten, or be remembered only in consideration of its impudence. *

THE MAD HUT-KEEPER'S STORY.

TOLD ROUND A NEW ZEALAND CAMP-FIRE.

ONE night, after we had as usual taken up our evening quarters in front of a huge blazing fire, and were comfortably reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—I remember nearly every word of that book to this day—we were disturbed by hearing a dingo, or native dog, howling in the bush not far from us. Fearing George might not hear it, we got up, and, dressing ourselves quickly, ran down to his watch-box to rouse him out. There he lay, sure enough, sound asleep, and we had to shake him to awaken him. Then we assisted him to collect wood and make fires round the sheep, to frighten away the dingoes. As it would not have been safe to leave the sheep alone when the native dogs were so close, we took up our quarters near one of the fires we had lighted, and began, boy-like, to question Old George about his former life.

"Ah, young masters," he said, in reply to a question of how it was that he was hut-keeping—"ah! it's not what I've been used to; but my life has been a sad one. It has been like a stormy, dark night. Once a bright star shone on it for a short, happy period; but when the heavy, angry clouds obscured it again, I was left in darkness blacker than before. Never more will my life be clear until, when my night of life is ended, the light of another world dawns upon me. Would that that hour was come! I will tell you my unhappy story. I know you, young masters, will listen with pity to it."

I am the eldest son of a gentleman who had a good property in one of the northern counties of England. I had one brother, a year younger than myself—a wild, dissipated gambler. Often I have paid his debts out of my own allowance, rather than let my father know of his misdeeds. Each time I did so William—my brother was so called—promised never to touch a card or back a horse again; and each time, after a few weeks' quiet life, he returned to his evil courses with redoubled energy, and soon got as much in debt as ever. When I was about twenty-eight years old my father died, leaving me the heir to all his property, which was entailed. Hitherto I had lived a quiet country life; but now, forced by business to frequent the busy haunts of men, I began to like the excitements of the world and the gay pleasures of society. Rich, good-looking, and easy-tempered, I was soon a favorite with those whom I came in contact with. Simple in the ways of the world, and unsuspicious by nature, I was silly enough to suppose that it was the man and not the money they courted; and it flattered my pride and conceit to be so much thought of and sought after. To crown my happiness, I grew fondly attached to a beautiful girl, who seemed to return my love; and before I had known her many months we were engaged. I need not tell you her name, nor need I give you a description of her, more than in saying that she was tall, dark, with long raven locks and black, flashing eyes; of rather a Spanish type of beauty—commanding and imperious-looking. I was intoxicated with her beauty, and worshiped her madly. The veriest trifle she touched became holy and sacred to me; her slightest wish was law. I obeyed every look or gesture, and, blinded by my foolish, insane love, I became her abject slave, only living for the pleasure of serving her and being near her.

Oh! fool, idiot that I was, to suppose that such as she could love a poor, weak, silly creature like me! But soon I was to be undeceived. My brother came to stay with me at the same time that *she* and her mother were visiting me. He, too, seemed struck with her beauty and told me, in a joking, laughing sort of way, what a lucky fellow I was.

"You elder brothers," he said—half bitterly, I thought—"are always in luck, in love or war. With a nice snug income, and dear old country place, you are going to marry the handsomest woman in England, with whom you are deeply in love, and no wonder; and who, as a matter of course," he added, with a half-sneering smile, "is equally devoted to you or your acres. Oh, happy accident of birth! Now look at the unhappy younger son, as illustrated by myself. Unlucky at my birth, the same evil genius pursues me through life. Born with the same, or rather ten times greater, desire to enjoy the 'good things of this life,' brought up together in comfort and luxury, and not educated in a manner to fit me for fighting in the 'battle-field of life,' I come to man's estate, and discover myself dependent on the generous bounty of a brother, whose only claim to superior sagacity is the fact of coming into the world a year before me."

So saying, he turned and hurriedly left me. I felt grieved that he should in his heart blame me for his want of luck. I had always given him what I considered to be a just proportion of my yearly income; but if he had received ten times that amount, it would all have gone in betting and gambling, and in a few months he would have been as poor as ever.

Things went on quietly and without change for a week or two. Then I began to be sensible of a change in *her* behavior to me. I could not say in what. Only now she seemed to avoid being alone with me, and at times spoke shortly and impatiently to me. For long I tried to make myself believe it was only fancy; but by degrees the heart-breaking truth forced itself on me. She was ceasing to love me. Perhaps learning to love another. If so, who was it who was robbing me of my idol? Who could it be but my own brother. Alas, alas! how could it be otherwise? Living in the same house, meeting every hour of the day, was it possible for my brother to resist such perfection? Still, I might be mistaken, and I determined to watch them closely. For days I saw nothing to indicate that my surmises were correct, and I began to think that it was but a lover's fears, and my heart grew light and happy again; and I went to find her, intending to tell her of my idle, groundless suspicions.

As I went through the garden, on my way to a greenhouse where the servants told me I should find her, I came suddenly on a sight which checked my further progress. Standing under the shelter of a tree were two people, a man and a woman—he, with his arm round her, tenderly supporting her, while she looked up in his face trustingly and lovingly.

It was my brother and my promised wife. As I stood still, rooted, as it were, to the spot, spellbound, their lips met in a long, clinging kiss.

With a groan, I turned and fled from the accursed spot, and reaching my room, threw myself on the bed, wild with grief and despair, and unable to collect my scattered thoughts. Nothing but the one terrible truth was ever before me: I had lost her! And he, my brother, whom I had loved as myself, had robbed me of her. Still, strange to say, no feeling of anger or resentment stirred my heart. Could I blame him for loving her, or her for loving him? He, who was handsomer far than I, clever, and learned in the ways of the world, was a more fitting mate for her than I was—poor, simple, weak-minded, blinded fool. I lay for hours, crushed and stunned, in a kind of stupor, and at length fell asleep, worn out by mental agitation.

Next morning I awoke calmer, and able to think over the discovery I had made. With a decision and strength of mind very unusual to me, I determined to seek out my brother, and tell him I knew all. Then I would see her, and release her from her promise to me. Better for her to be happy with another than to be my miserable, unloving wife. As for me, I would leave England, and travel; better so than see her the happy, devoted wife of another man. I found my brother, and told him what I had seen. I can not tell how it came about; my memory fails me about all that took place at that time. He must, I think, have misunderstood me; for we quarreled, and he struck me to the earth. He left my house at once, and I have seen him only once from that day to this, and then but for a moment, and unseen by him.

Bruised by my brother's hand, I was ashamed to meet *her*. But more grieved than angered by my brother's conduct, I wrote to her a simple letter, telling her all, and offering to release her. Her reply came only too soon. It was a kind but ready acceptance of my offer. She could not, she said in it, deny her love for my brother. She still loved me with all the strength of a sister's love—alas, how cold to the love I felt for her!—but her heart was given to my brother, and with him alone could she be happy. At the same time, she added, that if on further consideration I insisted on making her my wife, she would, although reluctantly, perform her promise, and would try to make a good, faithful wife, but never a happy one.

What could I do but give her up? Was I, to satisfy a mean, selfish love, to drag the woman I professed to love beyond the whole world, into a wretched unhappiness, full of life-long regrets and blighted hopes?

When we met again it was as brother and sister. But the shock and struggle were more than I could bear, and I sank into ill health, becoming nervous, and at times fanciful. My doctors advised change of air and scene, and accordingly I prepared to start for a tour on the Continent. But before I could get away a diabolical plot was prepared and put in practice by my brother, which was to rob me of money, home, and even reason itself.

About a week before I proposed starting I was rather surprised at receiving a call from two gentlemen, both strangers to me, who introduced themselves as consulting physicians, and said they had been requested to call and see me by my brother. Although astonished at such a display of interest on my account being shown by him, I never for an instant suspected any sinister design on his part, and answered most of the questions put to me without hesitation. So much so, in fact, that the two doctors rose, and, wishing me good-morning, said they were very glad to be able to report so favorably on me. As they were leaving the room they stopped for a moment, and said a few words together in an under-tone. I only caught *her* name, and felt myself redden at the sound.

"Yes," said one, "you are right; we ought to try that subject."

Then, turning back, they began asking me what I took to be impertinent questions. I ordered them to leave, but they only questioned me further; until, wild with passion, I lost all self-control over myself, and tried to push them out. Little I suspected then that they were paid by my brother to examine me, and find an excuse for pronouncing me mad. Once in an asylum, I could easily be kept there, and my cruel brother would be able to enjoy my property undisturbed.

A few days after what I have just told you took place I received a letter from my brother apologizing to me for his behavior, and asking me to forgive him, and to meet him at a certain town, about twenty miles from my place. It was a cruel, hypocritical, deceitful letter, but I joyfully believed it, and gladly promised to meet him, eager to be once more reconciled to him.

When I got to the inn at the town where I was to meet him, I was told that he had not yet come, but that he had engaged a room; and I was shown into it. I waited a long time patiently, expecting my brother to come every moment; but he never came. Soon after dark, two men—rough, ill-looking fellows—came into the room without knocking. One of them walked straight up to me, and said I was to be good enough to go with them. I asked what their business was, but got no other reply than before—that I was to go with them. I told them I would not do so without knowing what they wanted. The one who had spoken first replied that they had authority to take me with them, and that it would be better for me to go quietly, and not compel them to use force. I stepped back, and, seizing the poker, told them that I would use it against the first one who laid a hand on me. Then I rang the bell violently. To my surprise, the two men stood still, and made no attempt at escaping; and when the people of the inn came up to see what was the matter, they appealed to them to help them to secure me. While I thus stood at bay, as it were, a door opened at my back, and, before I could turn round, some one threw a thick cloth over my head, completely covering me, and rendering me perfectly powerless to resist. Still I struggled, but hopelessly, and I was soon overpowered, gagged, and blindfolded; then my arms were pinioned to my side, and I was led out into the open air, and pushed into a carriage, and driven rapidly away. I soon gathered, from the conversation of those beside me that I was being taken to a mad-house; and could not but surmise—what was the truth—that it was at the instigation of my brother that I was being taken there. The whole villainous scheme was now clear to me. The visit of the two doctors—real or sham, I knew not; the letter written to entice me from home, so as to carry me off easily, and without making a disturbance. My cruel, wicked brother, not content with stealing my love from me, was about to incarcerate me in a private asylum, so that he, being next heir to the property, might freely enjoy it without my having the means or the power of exposing him. After about an hour's drive we stopped; and I was hurried out of the carriage into a house, and led, still blindfolded, up a long stair. When my eyes were uncovered I found myself in a small room, scantily furnished, without a carpet on the bare boards, and lighted by a small narrow window, barred on the outside with heavy iron bars. A small wooden bedstead at one end, and a single chair, were the only signs of habitation visible. It was a prison, not a bed-chamber.

I was at once unbound and ungagged, and left alone to my own bitter reflections. Day after day my life was the same solitary, monotonous existence—the only exercise I got being an hour's walk, in company with a brutal keeper, who took a malicious pleasure in thwarting and bullying me. Letters I wrote in abundance, but none of them ever gained a reply; nor do I believe they were delivered.

Escape seemed impossible, guarded and watched as I was; and I began to lose all heart, and each day I became more hopeless and despairing. Gradually my health began to fail, and I got nervous and excitable, unable to keep still through the day or to sleep at night. This was what my jailers were waiting for, to finish their hellish purpose. I was forced to take medicine every day, and sleeping-draughts at night, containing morphia, until my poor brain began to wander, and for a few weeks I was raving mad. Then they relaxed their tortures: they had gained their end.

As I recovered my reason my faculties seemed to be sharpened, and I began to plan means for escaping. I pretended to be subdued and timid, and by this means got greater liberty. But I could not devise any plan for getting outside the hated walls; and, had it not been for a trifling accident, I might probably have been still a prisoner. I was so quiet, and my keepers believed me to be so tractable and harmless, that when I was taken for my daily walk it was not thought necessary to confine my arms in a strait-waistcoat, and I was sometimes taken for rambles outside the asylum grounds.

One day my keeper, who was very fond of trout-fishing, wished to have an hour or two's fishing in a stream a few miles distant. Of course his piscatorial pursuits had to be carried on with great caution, and without the knowledge of his master; and I was always bound over to secrecy. I was always well pleased when a fishing-day was proposed, as these were the only pleasant days I had; and I hoped that some day or other I might by their means get an opportunity of escaping.

On the morning in question we got to the stream, after calling at a friend's house for my keeper's rod and tackle, and my keeper began his amusement, making me keep close to him all the time. As we walked along the banks of the small river we came to a deep pool, a favorite spot for trout, and my keeper set to work eagerly. As he walked gently along, keeping his eyes intently fixed on the water, in expectation of a rise, his foot caught on the root of a tree, and he stumbled forward, and fell head-first into the deep water. Now was my chance; and without waiting a moment to see whether he could swim or not, I turned and fled, without knowing or caring in what direction I went. Toward evening I found I was within a few miles of my own place; and, impelled by an inward impulse, I walked toward it, intending to take one last look at it before leaving England. I had often thought over what I would do when I got free, and had decided to first make good my escape to another land, and then take means to recover my rights, and punish my brother for his unnatural conduct.

When I got to my house it was dark; but the new moon shed a soft, silvery light over the familiar scenes, and, overcome by the sight of the many spots endeared to memory by the remembrance of my former love and happiness, I sat down on a garden-seat, and, burying my face in my hands, burst into a flood of tears—the first I had shed for years.

As I sat there I heard voices, and had barely time to hide myself behind some bushes, when *she* and my brother came down the gravel-walk, arm in arm, and sat down on the seat I had just left. They were talking lowly; but I was so close to them that I distinctly heard every word. I was the subject of their conversation. She was pleading for me.

"Can not you remove him now, dear William?" she said. "Surely, now there is no danger. They say he is quiet and gentle. Could we not bring him here and give him part of our house, and try to lessen his dreadful misfortune?"

"It is like your gentle nature, dearest wife." Was she then really this monster's wife? "But I can not suffer you to live near such a dangerous madman," he said, in answer. "It is true that now he is quiet; but brought back among old scenes, with all their sad memories, his brain might again fail. Ah, you can not imagine how dangerous and determined he is when excited! Never will I forget his fierce look when he stood, poker in hand, the night we took him to the asylum. Had I not gone into the next room, and, opening the door behind him, suddenly thrown a table-cloth over his head, he would have done mischief."

Oh, brother, brother!

"I often think of that dreadful time, dearest," she replied, shuddering, and drawing closer to him. "How your kind, tender heart must have bled for him! And yet he was ever gentle to me; and, before I knew you, I thought I loved him dearly."

I could not stay and listen longer. Another moment and I must have rushed forward and told her all. I fled.

Although they must have heard my retreating footsteps, they were unable to see me; and I made haste to leave the home of my fathers, never to return. Why should I disturb *her* happiness by denouncing the man she loved and was wedded to? No, I would go, and leave her in happy ignorance.

But before doing so I would write to him and warn him not to betray *her*, as he had done me. I went to Liverpool, and finding a ship about to sail for Melbourne, engaged a steerage passage in her, paying for it by the proceeds of a valuable ring I had on my finger, and of which, for a wonder, I had not been robbed in the asylum. It is many years now since I left England—how many I do not know, nor do I wish to remember. My brain has never recovered the treatment I received so long ago; and at times I lose my reason, and have several times attempted to destroy myself—I have never any wish to injure others—and I have been four times in the Yarra Bind; but with kind, judicious treatment—very different to what I received in the private asylum—I have always soon recovered and been discharged.

A kind friend—the only person who knows who I am and where I am—often writes to me; and through him I hear that my brother is a kind husband to her whom I still love better than any thing on earth. He has given up all his evil ways, and is one of the most respected men of his county, a justice of the peace, and a great promoter of charitable institutions. Little the world know how black-hearted a villain it is they honor.

MOURNING AND BRIDAL FINERY.

Funeral pomp and bridal finery are things which hold on to the very soul of society. The duty imposed on us to impoverish the living that the dead may be put into the ground with a certain *étalage* of nodding plumes, sleek horses, and strange men draped in floating black, seems to some of us inalienable to the decency of civilization, to others remnants of the barbarie emphasis with which savage chiefs and braves conclude their lives. If we held the theory that the ghosts of the dead were soothed by our display, we should then have some kind of reason why, more or less sound. But we have not even this to impel us: only the tyranny of custom. So we go on putting the poor pale dead into coffins of oak, bossed with silver and lined with satin, dissipating the bread of the widow and children because we are civilized, and show is a greater thing than substance. In our marriages, too, we beat our tom-toms, and summon a crowd to see a girl dressed in white, with orange blossoms made of kid and cambric in her hair, assigned to the keeping of a man whom perhaps she does not love, and who, on his part, may have repented of his contract before the honey-moon is over. Marriage being at the best but a lottery with more blanks than prizes, it seems a little unnecessary to call the world to take note how the drawing is begun. Our bridal finery of dress and feast too often proves to be no better than the Hindoo widow's "bravery" when she comes to perform suttee; and say what we will, there is a sort of sacrificial look about it, a decking and trussing as of a victim, which is one of the sharpest satires against the institution we profess to honor. If we consider, too, the character of many of our marriages, we do not find any thing in them so admirable that we need ask heaven and earth to witness their fulfillment. Women sold for a settlement, and men selling themselves for a fortune; the scrofulous mated with the insane, and neither the mental nor the moral development of the family taken into account as a basis of calculation for the future; disease and miserable skulls perpetuated for private gain, as if the nobler peopling of the world was nobody's care, and its ignoble nobody's sin. Frankly, is this civilization? We hang a man who has killed another, but we suffer men and women to murder the future of society at their pleasure. We object to the reckless dissemination of small-pox, say, by selfishness and want of consideration for others; but when it comes to the perpetuation of hereditary disease by marriage, then we are powerless, and have not even a public opinion as a restraining agent.

THE LEGEND OF THE BATHS OF KOUROU.

A king of Constantinople had, so the history tells us, a daughter whose beauty, graces, and virtues were of that superlative character peculiar to heroines of the Middle Ages, but who was afflicted with a sickness upon which all the medical skill of Byzantium could make no impression. The faculty, nonplused, acted very much as it is wont to act under similar circumstances in these modern times, and got rid of an obstinate patient that would neither get well nor die by recommending change of air. Dagh-Hammam, as it is now called, was the spot selected for the princess, and there the king built a palace for her reception, and in that palace she took up her abode, and breathed the mountain air and drank the mountain water, but without deriving any advantage from one or the other. One day, however, the princess was indulging in that favorite pastime of Constantinople young ladies, looking out of window, when she saw a bear—no very unusual occurrence; but this bear struck the princess by his remarkably dejected aspect. The princess's sympathies gushed forth at once, and she drew a parallel between the woe-begone animal and herself. "There," said she to herself, "is a bear that possesses all the requisite elements for being a very nice and a very happy bear, but he isn't; far from it: his fur is ragged, his skin is mangy, his bones are nearly through it; he has not an atom of bear's grease about him, and his doleful expression of countenance shows a lowness of spirits equal to my own. Like myself, that bear is a confirmed invalid." Thus soliloquizing, the princess watched the movements of the bear, and remarked that he went and plunged into a pool of mud, after rolling in which for a space he got out, sat down at the edge of the pool, rested, and then plunged again, and after going through this ritual several times with precision and solemnity, withdrew to the mountain. Next day the bear came again, and the next after that, and so on for several days, until at last the princess began to remark a change in his personal appearance. His hide was less patchy, his countenance more cheerful, and his step more blithe. Day by day the improvement continued; sleekness, obviously induced by a plentiful secretion of the potent grease, came over the ragged fur; it lost its rusty color; curled abundantly over a healthy skin; and at length the once melancholy object stood a regenerate bear, sound in body and happy in mind. Then he came no more to the pool. Pondering over these things, the princess came to the conclusion that if rolling in the mud brought back health to an apparently worn-out bear, it could do no less for an invalid princess. So her highness took a preliminary roll, and, finding it warm and on the whole agreeable, she built herself a bathing-house round the pool, and, daily imitating the bear, was at the end of two months restored to perfect health. Then the king, her father, to commemorate the event, built public baths there, and from generation to generation the fame of the springs of Dagh-Hammam have come down to the present day. There is a certain resemblance between the legend attaching to these mineral springs and to that of King Bladud's pigs, which is associated with the chalybeate springs of Bath, in England. In point of sentiment, however, that of Dagh-Hammam has perhaps the advantage, a sickly bear being on the whole a less prosaic object than a herd of diseased pigs.

The waters of Kourou and of Dagh-Hammam are composed, in great part, of chlorosulphuric salts and hydrosulphuric gas, and enjoy a deserved reputation for efficacy in skin diseases and rheumatic affections. Not far from the springs are some interesting ruins, which are doubtless those of the hospital and palace described by the old Byzantine historian as having been constructed in this neighborhood by Constantine and his empress, Helena.

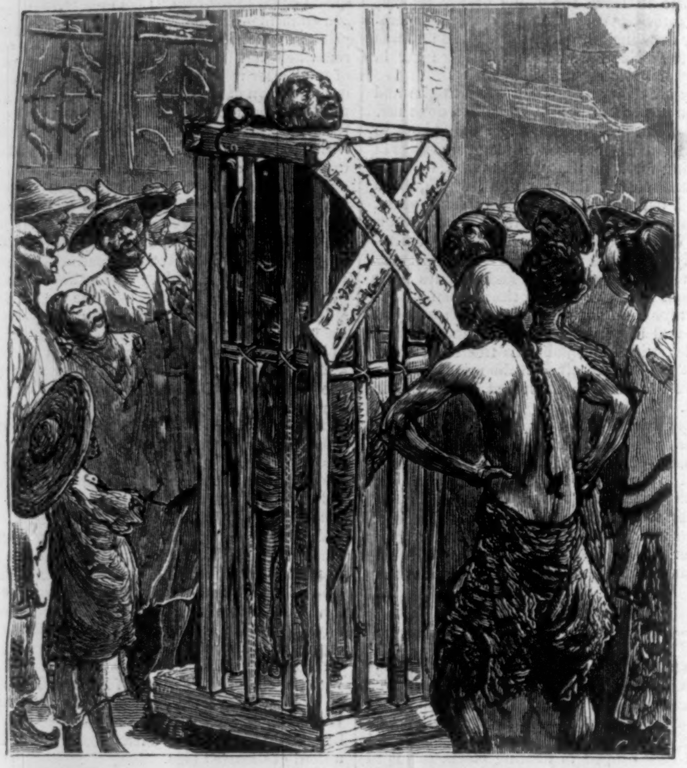
A MINE OF ROMISH RELICS.

It was on St. Agnes's Day that we visited her church and catacombs. Descending the broad marble steps, we found ourselves in the midst of an expectant crowd, waiting somewhat impatiently till mass should be concluded and the ceremony of the day begin. Every eye seemed turned toward the door leading to the convent, and presently appeared some white-veiled sisters carrying in their arms the sacred lambs, white as soap and water could make them, very gayly ornamented, and tied with colored ribbons and tinsel to velvet cushions. They were borne in procession to the altar, where they were received by the bishop in full canonicals, who placed them reverently upon the altar, while many prayers were chanted, and choral responses echoed through the venerable church, mingled with the bleating of the lambs, who did not appear to appreciate the honor shown to them, and the constrained position enforced upon them by their silken fetters. After much incense wafted over them, and sundry sprinklings of holy-water, they were restored to the nuns, their guardians, and by them carried round the church to be caressed and admired by the assembled multitude, and then conveyed away to join the consecrated flock of former years, among whom I fear they soon become as skittish as other lambs, and forgot the gravity of their consecration in the delight of freedom from unaccustomed trammels.

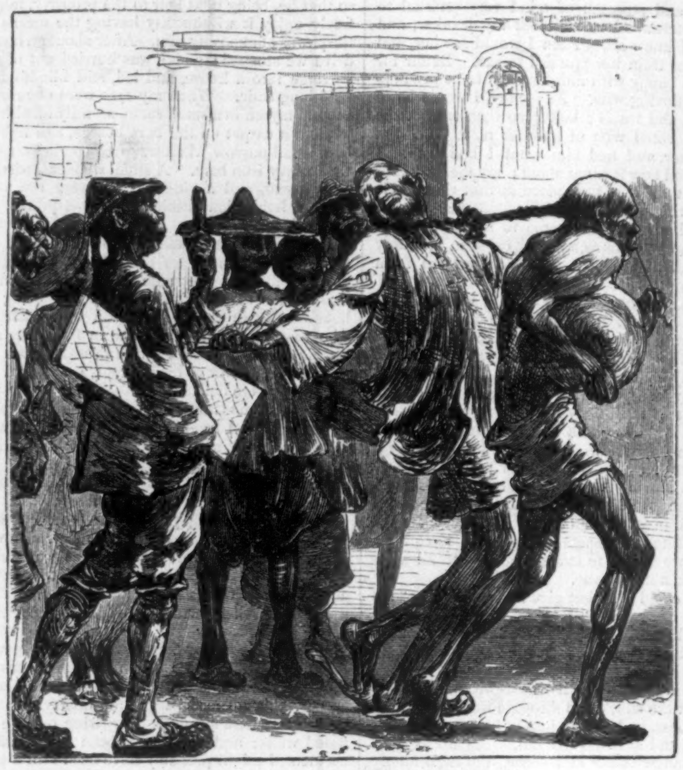
This ceremony over, we proceeded with many more to the catacombs, where, being provided with two guides, we each lighted our taper, and followed in a long procession down a flight of rather steep and much-worn steps into the gloomy abode of the dead. It is a strange sensation to feel one's self thus wandering while still in the flesh along miles of narrow corridors, scarcely wide enough for two to walk abreast, and to see on either hand nothing but graves, some, indeed, still walled up with a marble slab to tell the name and age of the occupant; but many of the graves are open and rifled of their contents, while others exhibit the exposed and rotten bones of those who more than a thousand years ago were laid here by sorrowing friends, perhaps, in their turn, now occupying adjoining graves—unless they died as saints and martyrs, in which case their skeletons may perhaps be found beneath the altars of churches in Rome, or Germany, or France, or Spain, or even England, richly adorned with jewels, silks, and feathers—a ghastly sight for the devout, who find great virtue in these crumbling bones.

The catacombs have long been an inexhaustible mine of relics, in the disposal of which the popes have had the sole monopoly, sending a body to the faithful here, and a leg or arm there, in token of gratitude for some service rendered, or as a sort of religious and political bribe. But I think the reign of relics, as of indulgences, is well-nigh over, for this is not a reverent age, and doubts will intrude themselves even among the faithful; so that now the body of a saint which was once worth incalculable gold would scarcely pay the expense of removal from Italy to France. This being the case, it is probable that in future the dead will be less disturbed than heretofore in their last resting-places in the gloomy recesses of the catacombs.

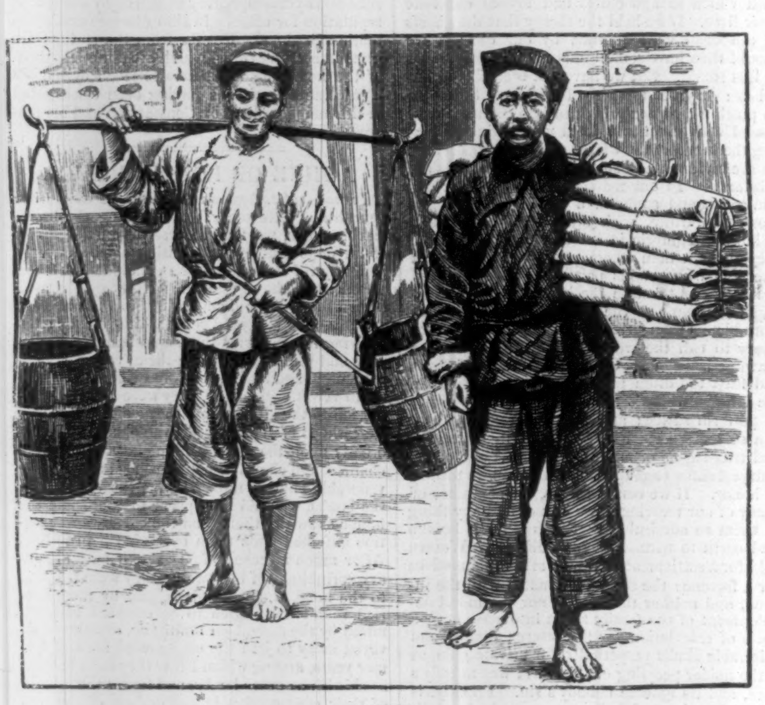
LIFE IN CHINA.



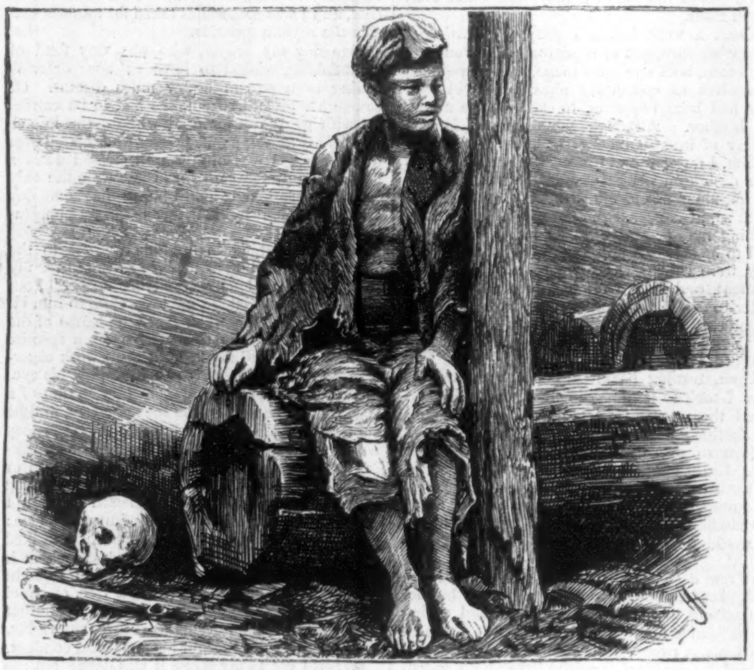
DEATH IN THE CAGE.



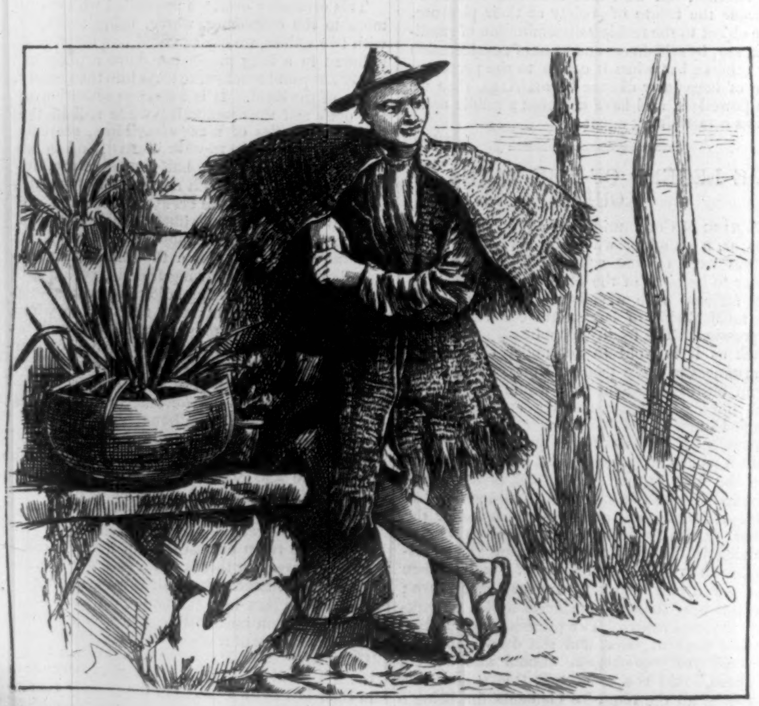
CONVEYING PRISONERS TO THE LOCK-UP.



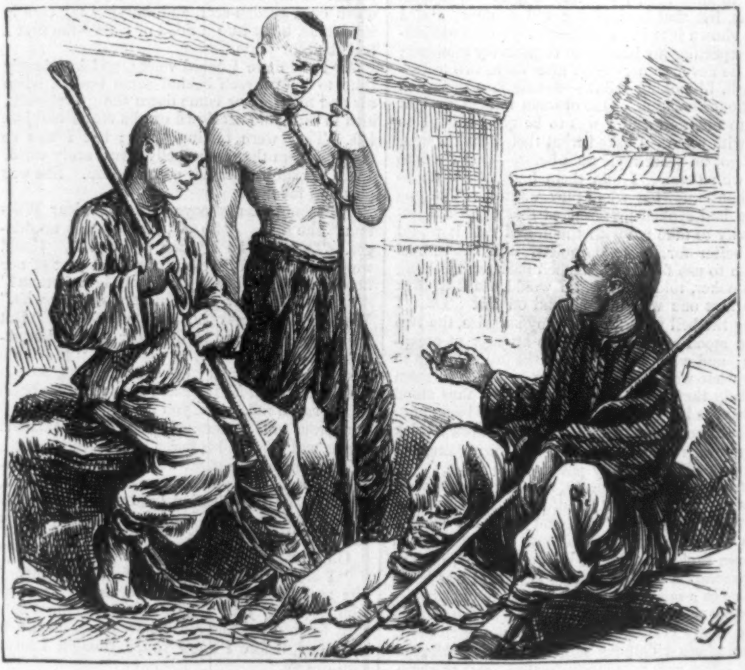
COOLIES.



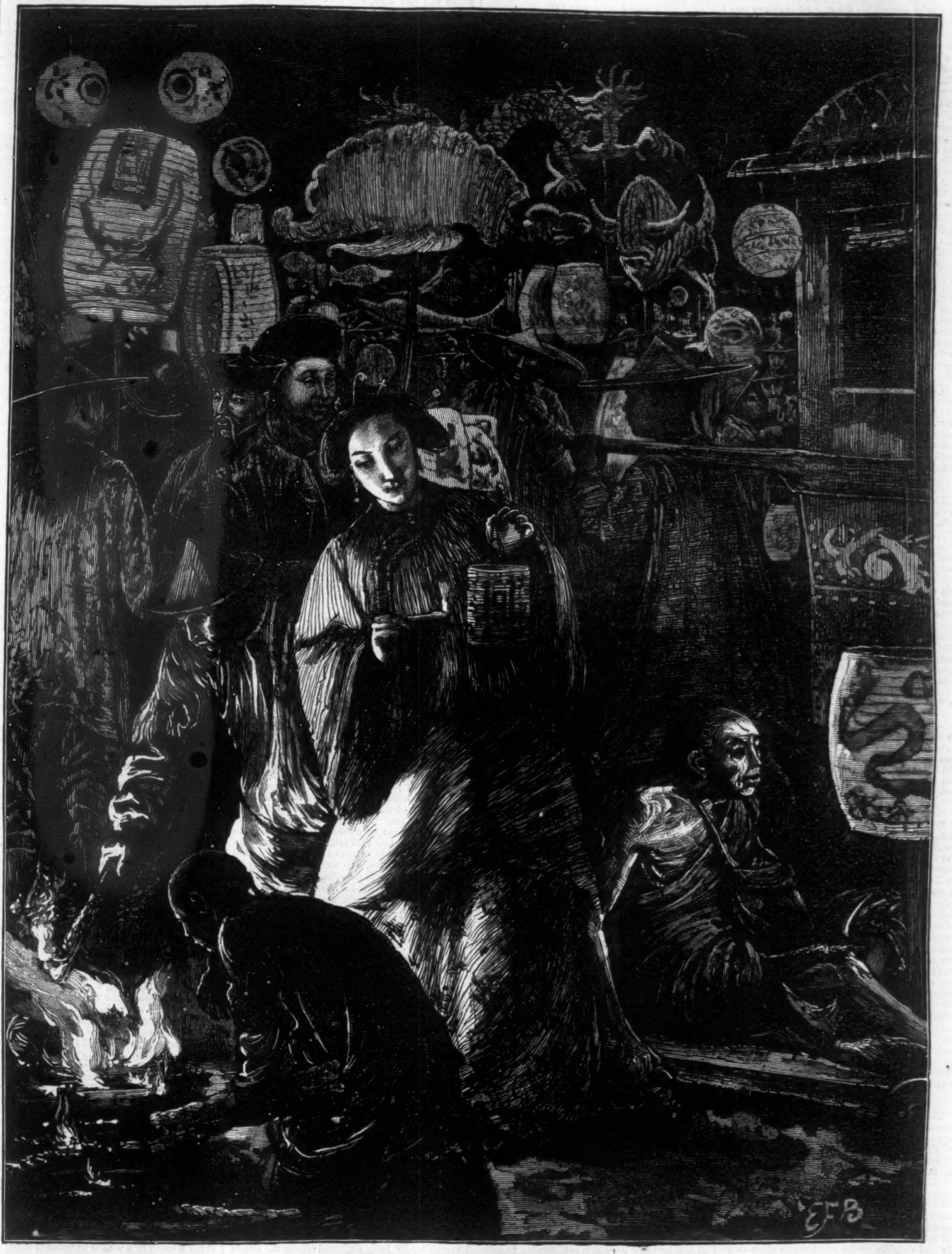
A MENDICANT.



THE RAIN-COAT.



CONVICTS.



LIFE IN CHINA—THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

LIFE IN CHINA.

The sketches on this and the preceding page represent some of the outer aspects of Chinese life as the modern traveler finds it in the city streets, on the rivers, and in the interior of the empire.

The Feast of Lanterns is one of the gayest of the popular festivals of China. Lanterns of all conceivable shapes, representing men and women, gods, goddesses, dragons, devils, fruits, flowers, and fishes, all of the most brilliant, and to the native mind fascinating colors, may be seen about the middle of the first month of the Chinese year, dangling from the rafters and pillars, and displayed at the doorways of the lantern shops in all the cities of the empire. On the night of the 14th of the month the shops were crowded with a busy throng of purchasers preparing for the feast of the morrow.

Many of the lanterns are extremely beautiful, particularly those representing fish, which, in common with the others, consist of a light bamboo frame-work or skeleton covered with a thin transparent skin of gelatine, cleverly colored to represent the scaly, glittering surface of the fish. They are then fitted inside with lamps or candles, and are supported on wands of bamboo, which, when carried, give a graceful motion to the lantern.

The finest display, says the artist, we have seen in China was at Foochow, along the narrow street that connects the foreign settlement with the native city. When standing at the end of a bridge we could see a long perspective of these grotesque luminous objects moving through the thick air of the thoroughfare like the weird spirits of a dream, lighting up with their flare the gaudy-colored sign-boards of the shops, and the dusky faces of the crowd of pleasure-seekers that thronged the street. This is a night when married women enjoy a degree of liberty denied them during the other nights of the year, and when they may be seen making the most of it by leaving the strict privacy and seclusion of their homes, and engaging in the sport with their children at the doorway, or on a tour of inspection in the streets. It is a time, too, of feasting, revelry, gambling, praying, and offering to the gods.

DEATH IN THE CAGE.

Among the many forms of punishment for crime in use in China the cage is perhaps the most to be dreaded by the criminal, as it implies a process of slow strangulation in the wooden collar, the suspense and agony of the sufferer being prolonged and increased by the cruel device of constructing the cage of such a length as to enable him to rest upon his toes to relieve the strain upon his head and neck. He is exposed in the open air in some city thoroughfare, where the passers-by are prohibited, under a severe penalty, from furnishing him with food or a drop of water to quench his thirst. After one or two days in the cage nature comes to the relief of the felon; he loses his reason, and in his mad ravings strangles himself. This reminds the writer of a scene in the chief street of Yen-ping city, where three bodies were exposed of men who had suffered death for acts of piracy on the north branch of the Pearl River; two were crucified, and the third strangled in the manner described; and of another scene during his stay in Foo-chow, where a murderer died in the cage on the great bridge which spans the river Nim. He had mutilated and murdered a little girl for the sake of the gold and jade bangles that adorned her wrists and ankles.

CONVEYING PRISONERS TO THE LOCK-UP.

The island of Hong-Kong and its native population have always had a reputation for crime, from the time of the early Portuguese voyagers, who christened the group of which Hong-Kong forms the nucleus, the Ladrones, or Piratical Islands. By the vigilance of the British and Chinese authorities, the piratical fleets have been driven from the neighborhood, although, even now, we hear of the surprise and capture of pirate bands in the vicinity of the harbor—marked men, who on ordinary occasions follow the peaceful occupation of fishermen, and when a favorable opportunity presents itself are armed to the teeth and ready to pounce upon some quiet trading junk that has been disabled, and sought their friendly help.

The sketch represents a common scene in Victoria—two coolies, whose tails have been united, and who have been caught in some act of larceny. One is declaring that his is a case of mistaken identity; the other, who is used to it, is having a philosophic smoke, and is looking forward with complacency to his time of periodical retirement from his circle of friends and admirers.

COOLIES.

This name is commonly applied by foreigners to distinguish laborers, chair bearers, street porters, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, of the Chinese people from the class immediately above them in social rank. They are, as a rule, patient and industrious, and always poor, carrying about with them their whole worldly estate and property, which usually consists of a suit of clothes which has been bought second-hand, a pipe, and a tobacco pouch. If he be a porter, he has a bamboo pole, and some fragments of rope, which form a pillow during the summer nights on the stone flags in front of the house where he expects the day's work. They board at the stalls of their friends the costermongers, who line the streets of the cities, and attract customers by their substantial fares, and the savory smell of cooking, which they carry on from daylight to dark. The month's earnings of one of these porters varies from three to six dollars; the latter sum is more than ample for all their wants, and enables some to open an account at their bankers'. This is the class of men who emigrate in large numbers to America and other parts of the world, and whose industry and labor contributed in a marked degree to the completion of the Great Pacific Railway route.

A MENDICANT.

Begging and beggars are the bane of Chinese cities; and yet to a stranger begging is an interesting profession, and may be said to be one of the fine arts of the country, which numbers in its ranks some rare geniuses—men who might have made their mark had they been attached to some more liberal profession, who in their daily rounds of public duty can simulate deformity and disease with a puzzling and profitable degree of accuracy. Many of them during daylight are stone-blind, lame, deaf, dumb, paralyzed, and starving in a strange city far from friends and relatives. Under cover of darkness, they have their orgies and their opium-pipes, and the merry recital of the day's adventures. This applies to the kind of beggar shown in the sketch, who was found, with his comrades, by the writer in a city of the dead, where they had spent the night in a tomb. This man was doing a fair business with a skin disease, which, by daylight, was carrying him to an early grave. He is of a class of mendicants who do not belong to the regular fraternity, or guild, at the head of which in most cities there is a hereditary chief, or beggar king.

THE RAIN COAT.

This is a water-proof coat in common use among agricultural and other laborers. There are two kinds. One is a portable thatch made of the leaves of the bamboo, in great demand among Hak-Kas and the poorer class of coolies in the Kwang-tung province, as a suit of this material, including hat, may be had for a few pence. When worn out, the coat will come in to repair the thatch of the hut, and the hat to stuff some hole in the wall or window. The other description of rain coat is made of cocoa fibre. It has a more fashionable cut, and is more costly and durable. Like our modern cloth overcoats, it is not air-tight, but it is quite shower-proof. As a greater protection against the heavy rains of the south of China, the wearer who can afford the luxury has a huge hat made of rattan, rendered water-proof by a thick coat of varnish outside. It serves the double purpose of hat and umbrella.

CONVICTS.

These are Chinese convicts who have been sent adrift in one of the mountain passes in the north of the empire to work out their period of punishment by a life of wandering and begging. They are heavily ironed with chains round the neck and ankles, and are greatly hampered in their movements by having to carry about a heavy crow-bar of iron. The fetters of these men had worn into their ankle joints, and produced loathsome sores.

LITTLE WOMAN.

Running out to meet me gladly,
Little woman;
Or with sweet and sunny face bent
Smiling on me from the casement,
Little woman.
Could I ever meet it sadly,
Ever cease to love her madly?—
Love that matcheth hers but badly—
Little woman.

Cozy all her modest dwelling,
Little woman;
Fires ever brightly glowing,
Flowers ever freshly blowing,
Little woman;
And a placid smile still telling
Of a gentle bosom swelling
With a peace all peace excelling,
Little woman.

Just to hear her tender greeting!
Little woman;
Never word unkindly spoiling
Home for husband sad or toiling,
Little woman.
Just to feel her warm lips meeting,
Just to hear her fond heart beating,
It was worth a year's entreating,
Little woman.

Men may grumble at their Lares,
Little woman;
And, on women's rights loud railing,
Wreak the women's wrongs prevailing,
Little woman;
But the best of household fairies
Is the wife whose golden hair is
Drooping o'er her husband's chair—his
Little woman.

AMANALE'S FATE.

AN EAST INDIAN LOVE STORY.

The scene of the tragedy recorded in the following story is a village situated in one of the great cotton plains of Central India, just such a village as those of which travelers by the G. I. P. Railroad catch fleeting glimpses as they flash through the dreary expanse of cotton fields, and consisting for the most part of clusters of mud heaps, with a larger mud heap to represent a fort in the middle. Doongergaon, which is the name our hamlet bears, is perched, as its name implies, on the top of a low mound, from which the long black smoke lines left by the far-off trains are faintly discernible, and from which on a clear day the white buildings of that most dismal of all dismal settlements, Hingunghat, may be descried. At the foot of the mound and along the water-course which encircles it are a few groups of babul-trees, some scattered mango and tamarind clumps, which, when seen from a distance, make up something of an oasis on the weary, wide-spreading level of the cotton plains. How flat, how weary, how wide, how void of shade, of water, and, at certain seasons, of all things green and pleasant to the eye, those only who traverse them can quite understand.

It was on a day in the month of April that the cooly train—so called because it travels with surpassing slowness, halts for long intervals at impracticable stations without any towns attached to them, and is altogether a local affair, quite beneath the notice of the rapid and fashionable mail—it was on one burning afternoon in April that this cooly train advanced slowly into the heart of the cotton country, bearing its heavy freight of third and fourth class passengers, and drew near the little station known as "Doongergaon Road." Fast wedged, like a herring in a tub, in a crowded third-class compartment resembling nothing so much as an ill-smelling cattle truck, sat an elderly man, destined to play a conspicuous part in the present narrative. He was perched upon an immense bundle, chiefly composed, it would seem, of brass pots and dirty clothes, which was wedged in among many similar bundles on the floor of the carriage. The elderly gentleman and his fellow-travelers (all of the male sex, for women are always penned up in separate trucks), none of whom could by any possibility have moved until the door of the carriage opened, so well were they packed, all rejoiced in the ridiculous turbans, the size and shape of a small cart-wheel, common to that part of the country, and of the brightest crimson, scarlet, pink, and orange hues. Owing to the compactness with which they were fitted into their compartment, these absurd affairs could not, of course, be worn; so they were propped up against backs and against bundles, while the shaven polls and knotted pig-tails of their owners were exposed to view. Our elderly traveler's tail was of an iron-gray color and scanty in its proportions; his face was wrinkled and scarred terribly with small-pox; like seventy-five per cent. of his compatriots, he was afflicted with ophthalmia; his teeth and his tongue were scarlet with betel juice, on which refreshment, together with a vast quantity of a sweetmeat made chiefly of castor-oil, coarse sugar, dirt, and the heads and bodies of ants and flies, he had subsisted throughout his long day's journey. His thin white garment was stained with heat and dust, which latter blew in hot and suffocating clouds through the carriage, and resting upon his bundle were a pair of heelless shoes, with toes very much curled up. On his wrist, but hidden under his tight sleeve, was a massive bracelet of heavy red gold, from his ears dangled pearl ear-rings, on his toes were silver rings, and round his waist, well concealed under the many folds of his waist-cloth, was a broad silver girdle, curiously wrought. He and his fellow-travelers had sat thus, patiently enduring heat, thirst, dust, smoke, unrest, jolting, semi-suffocation, for many hours; for their progress across the great cotton plains was very slow, and the officials hastened not to unlock the doors and let the suffering creatures out; and it was with a deep sigh of relief that passengers for Doongergaon heard the clank, clank of the train as it crossed the points on entering the little station yard. On the platform was just such another crowd of narrow-shouldered, knock-kneed, big-turbaned, shambling, large-bundle-carrying cultivators as had appeared at every station for the last hundred miles. And when the doors were opened, and the rush to get out and to get in began, and when every man, woman, and child, as is their habit, shouted at the top of his or her voice, and endeavored to pass in and out by impracticable doors, or, as is also their manner, sat suddenly on their heels in inconvenient places, and all with one accord began to wrangle and scold and fight, then it required all the tact and temper of the one-eyed station-master, who, with shaven head and curly shoes, ran to and fro among the crowd to quell the Babel of sounds, which he achieved with labor and sorrow and much clanging of the station gong. Emerging from the crowd at length, our middle-aged traveler, who, like the rest, had scuffled, fought, and shouted, looked about him for his chariot, which soon appeared in the shape of a wooden tray between two very unreliable wheels, and drawn by a pair of small bullocks of amazing speed and endurance. Our friend placed himself cross-legged on the tray as on a saddle, with a faithful retainer close in front of him, also on the tray; and the latter, seizing the tail of a bullock in each hand, and uttering divers cluckings with his tongue, and many maledictions upon all their female ancestors for past generations, drove swiftly away homeward. The name of the elderly gentleman on the tray was Ram lall. Lord was he of the hamlet of Doongergaon and all that black cotton soil surrounding it. To the right and to the left of him he beheld his own acres—acres which had been in his family for unnumbered generations; for he, sitting there upon a tray, simple as he looked, could trace back his lineage for more centuries than can many a noble earl in Europe. Ram lall was, in short, the proprietor of the estate of Doongergaon; a man of note and position in the country, who led public opinion in those parts where there happened to be any, and who had more jewels of gold and silver and bags of rupees buried in earthen vessels in the floor of his house than any other proprietor in the country-side. Like most of his kind in these litigious days, he wasted much of his substance, his time, and his patience in lawsuits. Litigation was a game he played at greedily; but it was none the less a stumbling-block in his way, for he was a settled annuity to half a dozen pleaders in consequence.

As he drew near his village there came out to meet him a small deputation, consisting of one or two members of the municipal committee, the village watchman, and the school-master. He learned from them that quiet had reigned in his absence, but that several incidents worthy of note had occurred. First of all, the government vaccinator had paid them a visit, and had attempted to bring pressure to bear on some makers of brass pots to have their children vaccinated, which the said pot-makers declined to do, on the ground that a child of one of their number having been vaccinated the previous year, ill-luck, as might have been expected, had come to them, and their pots remained unsold. And they further made demonstrations of an attack upon the vaccinator, who thereupon lifted up his voice and denounced the village, and finally took to his heels, declaring his intention of complaining to the district magistrate. Ram lall in his heart cursed all makers of brass pots and all vaccinators, for he knew he would surely be called to account for the affair.

They had now entered the village. It was a mass of dull-looking mud huts, without any windows or means of ventilation whatever, with grass roofs and ugly high mud walls about every hut. On the rising ground in the midst of the village stood the ruins of the old fort, built long ago when the Pindarries overran the country, and into which fort the ancestors of those now dwelling in safety beneath its shadow had oftentimes, on sudden alarms, made their escape, catching up their portable properties and their wives and children, and had come forth again to find their poor huts pillaged and burned, their crops trampled down, their cattle and their stores of grain carried off, and themselves happy to escape with sound skins. In all the cotton country no village of any pretensions was without its tower of defense. But the Pindarries have all passed away, and the ruined old walls of the great mud forts stand as monuments of the old dark days of discord and disorder. That of Doongergaon was a large one, and the remains of stone gateways and great wooden doors were yet visible, though the people store cotton within the crumbling old walls now; and the village worthies point with pride to an old gun, curiously wrought of hoops of iron, and seemingly a breech-loader, lying neglected among the *débris*, which their forefathers had used to intimidate their foes.

Ram lall, in making his way to his house, passed across the market-place, and it being market-day, he stopped to gossip and rest a while, and eased his mind by a little wrangling and chaffering among the busy, noisy throng assembled. The stalls were raised on terraces in long rows, and seated thereupon on their heels, with their wares before them, were betel-nut, spice, and drug sellers, vendors of fish and vegetables, dealers in ornaments of brass and tinsel jewelry, in uncouth metallic masses of immense weight and clumsiness, but precious as rubies in the eyes of the village maids and matrons. Further on, behind the sweetmeat-sellers, are piles of colored armlets of talc and wax, heaps of toe-rings, all very cheap, so many to be had for so few coins that for the fraction of a farthing the girls can cover their arms with them half-way up to the shoulder; and it is amusing to watch the process of fitting arms and toes with their respective ornaments. Then there are mountains of coarse tobacco, the product of the neighboring fields, heaps of many-hued grains, and most precious, though very dirty-looking, salt. There is an abundance of cloth, mostly home-made, an opium stall or two, one or two dealers in certain preparations for tinting the eyes and nails, and for the caste marks on the forehead.

Every man, woman, and child there present, buyers and sellers and lookers-on, are all shouting at the top of their voices, so that a great roar and tumult of tongues rises up into the evening air. The intense enjoyment with which every purchase is made, the delight with which they settle down for a good long haggle, each purchaser being attended by a crowd of admiring lookers-on, is worth seeing—the women making more fuss about the buying of the commonest earthen vessel, handling it, tapping it, turning it over and over with more anxious solicitude than many a lady in London would display in the purchase of a cart-load of silk dresses. Going shopping, even in the desolate cotton countries, is dear to the women's hearts.

Through this crowd Ram lall slowly makes his way toward his own door, for the great rambling mud establishment, with a big court-yard and quaintly carved oily old wooden verandas round it, just facing the market-place, is his house. He turns the corner, pondering abstractedly on the innate malice common to all men, and more especially developed in the mind and manners of his favorite enemy, Seoram Patail, when he sees standing together just inside the outer door of his court-yard two persons, whose appearance fills his soul with jealous rage. One of these is a pretty, pale, yellow-colored girl not more than seventeen years old, whose low broad brows are decorated with a brilliant crimson patch, or caste mark, and whose long dark eyes are coquettishly tinted, and whose pretty mouth is filled with, as yet, unbetel-stained teeth. Her bright dress and graceful figure make up so pretty a little picture that the background of sombre dirt walls looks ten times dirtier and more dismal from the contrast. Her name is Amanale, and she is the wife of the very respectable Ram lall, proprietor of Doongergaon.

The other of the two persons is a handsome young fellow in a rose-pink turban and smart white muslin garments, who at sight of the angry face of Ram lall vanishes without more ado, while the damsel, hastily drawing the fold of her pretty scarlet cloth over her face—for it had slipped aside somewhat in the ardor of conversation—retreated in-doors. Truly Ram lall's troubles lay not altogether outside his house. There were trouble and jealousy, hatred and craving for revenge, intrigues and deceits, threats and tears, ready to greet him on his arrival at home. And what else can you expect, oh, Ram lall! toothless old patriarch, far gone in years and wickedness, when, after the evil fashion of your country, you purchase a child for your wife—a child whom you deem to be but as part of the live stock you possess, worth so much weight of jewelry or so much cash? She is the mere servant of your pleasure, bought to hew wood, to draw water, and prepare your food for you—an arrangement in which she had no voice or was even allowed a thought. What else can you expect will be the end of so unnatural a union, save that which in all lands is the end of all such ill-assorted matches? what else but deception, dishonor, and disgrace? The custom is an evil one, and you and your fellows reap abundantly the evil fruits thereof.

There were harsh words, ill looks, cruel blows, and bitter tears that night, as on many previous nights, in Ram lall's house; a great storm of wild wailings, shrill cackle of women's angry tongues, and the neighbors, well used to such-like concerts both at home and abroad, knew that there had been a difference of opinion again between Ram lall and his young wife.

Now the hero of the rose-pink turban, about whom all this storm had arisen, was a young merchant of Doongergaon, Muneram Tookull by name, who dwelt with his orphan brother and little sister, and kept a small shop in the market-place immediately adjoining Ram lall's domain. He was as good-looking a young fellow as could be found in any day's march in the cotton countries, possessing a pair of straight-looking eyes, for a wonder, a clear, pale brown complexion, and a manner decidedly taking with the women, and a reputation among his fellow-townsmen as bad as it could well be. Not that he was a reputed thief, or that he dealt in suspicious goods, or indulged too freely in dress, or gambled inordinately, or that he was especially successful in leading the young village wives to follow after strange gods: worse, far worse than all this—these would, after all, have been mere venial offenses, freaks of fancy—alas for Muneram, he had the reputation of being a wizard! There are few villages in the cotton districts without either a witch or a wizard to torment them, possessed of a more or less malignant power to bring evil upon their enemies. Not that the cruel tragedies once so common in the more eastern provinces, of witch murders and witch torture, were enacted in the cotton districts; the witchcraft there was of a less malignant type, and its professors contented themselves with laming the cattle, burning the houses, causing women to miscarry, and afflicting people with acute agues and rheumatic diseases, and other like trifles. And although the witches and warlocks were hated and feared and shunned, no overt acts of vengeance were ever heard of.

When Muneram was first accused of witchcraft Ram lall had protected and supported him warmly; for he entertained a great liking for the young man, and did his utmost to re-establish him in the good opinion of his towns-fellows. But when it came in course of time to be an undoubted fact that whosoever crossed Muneram in any matter of business or pleasure surely met with a misfortune either in his own person or that of some member of his family, or in loss of cattle or failure of crops, and when the worthy Ram lall himself, after a passing quarrel with his young friend, was stricken with a rheumatic fever which laid him by the heels for a whole year, then, indeed, Ram lall felt that what every one said must be true, and that Muneram was certainly a wizard; and from that time he began to look askance at him, uttering no threats, indeed, but steadily avoiding his late favorite. It must be admitted that Muneram had been indiscreet, and had been paying, of late days, too much attention to the Patail's pretty young wife, just then blooming into womanhood; and whether it was that his eye was evil, and that some malignant spirit lurked within him, or whether the result was, under the circumstances, only natural, certain it is that the young lady wavered in her wifely allegiance, and was disposed to turn aside from the path of rectitude, which path was in her case, poor girl, immoderately strait and rugged. Poor, pretty, soulless creature, what lesson had she ever learned of any theories of right or wrong? She knew this—that she had a toothless old man for a husband, ugly, decrepit, and cruel, and she fancied that if she had been allowed a choice she would rather have chosen a younger and pleasanter partner, or rather master. She knew that if she were suspected of infidelity or caught in the act of flirtation she would be beaten, and possibly have her pretty nose cut or even bitten off, such being the punishment usually awarded by indignant husbands to erring wives. But she determined to risk so great an evil as even the loss of her nose for the sake of her lover, and even went so far as to wonder whether if she were to grind some of her glass bangles to powder and insinuate it into her husband's mess of pottage the result would be satisfactory. She knew for certain that a very little portion of that harmless-looking datura shrub which grew so abundantly in all the lanes and waste places of the village would, if judiciously administered, send her venerable lord and master out of the world; but she feared the consequences, she hated those meddling, blue-coated policemen who were always intruding into other people's concerns, and so she took no present steps in that direction. Sometimes, when abuse and blows had been more than usual her lot, she meditated a leap into the great well outside her husband's court-yard. That would be a revenge certainly, and would cause abundant scandal and gossip against her husband; but she had once seen a girl of her own age taken out of a well, into which, for reasons similar to her own, she had thrown herself, and she shuddered to think of herself lying wet and cold and dreadful on the ground as that girl had lain; and then, too, the thought of her pink-turbaned lover sustained her under many domestic trials.

Now Ram lall had long suspected that Muneram had bewitched his wife, and so caused her to forget her wifely duties. The clandestine interview he had interrupted increased his mistrust and dislike a hundredfold, and he brooded over his wrongs until he began to crave for vengeance. To accuse him openly of witchcraft would, he knew, have been dangerous in the highest degree; for the English government, most unreasonably as he thought, had no sympathy for such Old-World superstitions; and if any harm should befall Muneram in consequence of such an accusation, he knew that the magistrates, in pursuance of an unpleasant habit they had contracted, would surely convict him of an abetment of hurt, or of worse. So he pondered deeply in his mind how he might attain his end without getting within the meaning of any of those obstructive sections of that prejudiced volume, the Penal Code. Therefore it was that our Ram lall early one morning rose up and saddled his pony, a lean and long-suffering beast, living chiefly on air, and having a pink tail, mounted thereupon, and set forth across the dried-up waste to pay a visit to the Darogah, or chief of the neighboring police post, a man in whom he had confidence, as being discreet and open to conviction, as doubtless he had proved on many former occasions. Being a man of some importance, a semi-nude retainer held on to the pink tail of the pony, and one ran on either side of him, holding each a leg.

Arrived at the police post, where the constable on duty was sitting on his heels doing nothing, and the rest of the men were scattered about in various attitudes assisting him to do it, our Ram lall was received with consideration. Passing through the trim garden, he accosted the Darogah, who entertained his visitor at a light and wholesome repast of betel-nut and buffaloes' milk. Then ensued a dialogue between these two worthies, conducted with a subtlety and power of finesse peculiar to the Oriental mind. On the one hand, Ram lall was weighing the Darogah's dishonesty in the balance, to find out what amount of his hidden treasures would have to be expended if he would gain his end; on the other hand, the Darogah strove to probe the depths of the villainy of his visitor's intentions, and, by heaping difficulty on difficulty, to make the best bargain he could for himself; and with all this, probably not a word passed on either side which could lead a third person, had there been one present, to imagine that any thing unusual was in course of negotiation.

Ram lall left his friend with a plan of revenge fully developed in his evil old brain, and betook him homeward with a merry heart; for he felt there was nothing to balk him if he only chose to open his purse sufficiently wide.

That night, when all his household slept soundly, and when no sound save the barking of multitudinous curs and the occasional wail of the jackals, or now and then the more discordant notes of the barbaric music of some marriage-feast disturbed the stillness of the night, Ram lall rose up, girt up his loins, wrapped a loose dark blanket round him, seized a heavy iron instrument, and passed into the court-yard, where some three or four of his men were sleeping, each tied up securely as to his head and ears in a cloth, and snoring to that extent that their united efforts amounted to a roar, this being the customary manner in which Eastern watchmen keep guard. Stepping over their bodies with impunity, for nothing short of a salvo of artillery could have awakened them, he passed out into the lane and crept cautiously to the back of his house, and there selecting a likely-looking spot in the mud wall, neither very thick nor very hard, he began to pick a great hole with the iron instrument in his hand. Softly but swiftly the old man wrought, panting and laboring heavily, but always progressing dextrously, fashioning the hole until it grew large enough to allow a man to pass through it into the chamber within, an outer room stored full of grain. Squeezing himself in, he knocked the grain baskets about, cut a great hole in the side of one, and then crept back into the lane, panting, trembling, and guiltily listening to every night sound the breeze brought him. Next this midnight prowler stepped a few paces up the lane, entered the patch of weeds and rubbish called by his enemy Muneram a garden, and quietly buried a tin box, of which he had torn off the lid and burst the lock, under some dried leaves and refuse in a corner, threw a silk handkerchief on the ground just outside the same garden, and then, his work over, crept back again to bed, and fell asleep in a highly contented frame of mind.

Morning at Doongergaon, the one cool hour of the twenty-four, that before sunrise: the village hags have commenced to raise their morning sacrifice of dust-clouds each before her respective door; the younger women are setting forth for the wells; others renew the cabalistic markings on the thresholds and lintels of the door, whereby evil spirits are defied; the cattle are flocking out of their houses (for they not unfrequently lodge under the same roof and go in and out by the same door as their owners), and take the road to their dry and barren pasturage; the kochu bird, earliest of risers, begins to practice his scales; the last cry of the last pack of jackals is faintly heard in the distance, as the creatures get them away to their caves and dens, and in all the streets the sound of grinding is heard; all the village, except the customers of the opium shop yonder, are awake and stirring.

Soon arises a grand hubbub from the vicinity of Ram lall Patail's domain; a terrible chorus of harsh voices is rising up in lamentation; for the cowherd who was first abroad has brought in the news that the house has been broken into. Out forthwith rushes the worthy Ram lall, with anguish and surprise depicted on his countenance, and a delighted crowd quickly collects; all the men shout and talk to other men long distances off at the top of their voices, and all the women scold and screech, and the little naked children tumble about, and they all thoroughly enjoy themselves. An Indian crowd, whatever the cause which has attracted it, seldom does any thing beyond shouting. For instance, on the occasion of a destructive fire, which is snapping up their houses wholesale, no one ever saw these simple creatures lend a hand to save their toasting grandmothers or their goods and chattels from the flames: they prefer to stand about, and use their lungs instead of their hands. Ram lall, with noisy following, wandered disconsolately about, until, chancing to pass the door of the wizard's house, the handkerchief was perceived lying on the ground, and it was instantly remarked that Muneram had not joined the crowd. Enough—it was all quite clear—it was the work of Muneram or the devil, the terms being almost synonymous. Then up rose Ram lall, and bade his watchman gird up his loins and run to fetch the police; and that functionary, tying a dirty rag round his head and seizing his staff of office, sped away across the plain. The crowd withdraws from the neighborhood of the wizard's house, and awaits the arrival of the police with intense interest. Come what might, there was at least a chance of getting temporarily rid of their tormentor.

After a while the police arrive in procession: first comes the chief officer in a braided coat, with trowsers wrinkled up to his knees, and his bare feet thrust into ammunition boots, astride a very small lean pony, his head being wrapped up in a handkerchief, and an immense yellow umbrella over all. After him come his men, in various stages of undress, their batons in their hands, and a determination to distinguish themselves depicted on their faces. The chief officer, being a considerable personage, was at once stayed with plaintains and comforted with pau, and then Ram lall told his tale; how that he had slept an innocent sleep in the bosom of his family, and awoke to find himself ruined and beggared, his long-stored-up wealth of jewels and cash gone, and, worst of all, suspicion resting on the man he had so long protected. He wished to destroy no man's house nor to blacken any man's face; he, Ram lall, was a man who said nothing to any body, who had never been known to injure or quarrel with any body, but it seemed that the snake he had cherished had stung him. And all the people sitting about him on their heels murmured their approval of their Patail's eloquence.

All this time there had been a great uproar going on within-doors, much shrill jarring of women's tongues, loud bursts of passionate abuse. Many times that morning had the poor girl who was the cause of all this fuss threatened to hang herself or to poison herself, and twice had she rushed forth to the great open well, there to end her sorrows, but each time the hags within restrained her. She believed no word of the theft or the suspicion resting on her lover, not she; she bitterly mistrusted her wily master, and fully determined to interfere to save her lover if she could find the means so to do. So she scolded and sulked and scolded again, after the manner of her species, and behaved herself like a very termagant. The police officers then commenced their usual ceremonies: the chief officer, after a minute and deliberate inspection of the premises, announced to the admiring crowd that, in his opinion, the house had certainly been broken into; for, argued he, there can be no reasonable doubt that a hole has been made in the wall. The premises of Muneram, reputed wizard, were then searched, the broken box found in the garden, and the innocent Muneram was at once hustled off in custody to the Patail's court-yard, in spite of his protestations and cries and the tears and lamentations of his brother and little sister.

The customary examination of witnesses having been gone through, and every witness, as usual, having denied all knowledge of every body, every thing, and every place under the sun, and having sworn that they were people who never left home, and never spoke to any body during their natural lives, Ram lall rose and thus addressed the meeting: "My friends, it is very necessary in a case of this kind that nothing be done in a hurry. You talk of witchcraft in the village, and indeed there has been much sickness of late; our children have been dying, our cattle falling by dozens, some of our best wells turned brackish, and now I have been robbed of the savings of many years—money, indeed, which I had set aside to build a temple to the god Gunesh with. Whether this be witchcraft or no I can not tell, but this I know, that I am a just man, and unless there be certain proof, I hope to see this prisoner set at liberty. Go now, all of you: the heat of the day is coming on, the police need quiet and repose in inquiring into such a case as this. Come again when the sun is a hand's breadth from his setting, and you shall know the result."

When the assembly had dispersed, Ram lall took aside the chief officer, and said to him, "Brother, I must get rid of this fellow somehow; he must be arrested, disgraced, driven out of the village: curse him and the mother that bore him! this charge can and must be proved."

Said the chief officer to him in reply: "I tell you, Ram lall, it won't do; if this goes up to the magistrate, we shall be smashed: I'm a family man, and a risk of this sort don't suit me—unless, indeed, I am paid well to undertake it. If, indeed, the prisoner would confess to the robbery, we might have grounds to detain him; but the truth is, Ram lall, you were out walking last night, and you were seen coming from the direction of the prisoner's house. If I am to work this, I must be paid, Ram lall."

The chief officer merely said this on speculation, to tighten his hold upon Ram lall's money-bags, and no entreaties or threats on the latter's part could induce him to say a word as to his informant. "Pay me and you are safe," was all his answer. After much haggling it was decided that Ram lall was to pay him 2000 rupees to work the case, half in advance, half when a conviction was obtained, and, further, a sum of 100 rupees to each of the policemen concerned to keep them quiet, and as much for hire of witnesses as might be hereafter demanded. These arrangements thus pleasantly concluded, they called for the wretched victim of this vile conspiracy, who all this while had been standing handcuffed in the court-yard, with a rope fastened to his arm, his clothes torn, and his once gay turban mud-bespattered, under the burning sun, sullen, dogged, and silent. He made no entreaty now, no cry for mercy passed his lips; he knew he had fallen into a snare, and he swore to himself that no entreaty of his should increase the revengeful triumph of his enemy. There was no chivalrous thought in his breast of suffering himself in silence to screen her in the house yonder from shame or punishment; the thoughts of our native brethren are not as our thoughts on such matters: their inner life is as far from ours as the east from the west.

His sullen obstinacy angered the old man, and when, asked at length, he raised his manacled hands to heaven, and called upon his gods to say whether he was a guilty man or not, Ram lall turned and said, bitterly, to the police officer: "Take him into that outhouse yonder and show him a little of your police procedure." Two of the policemen entered, followed by their officer, and shut the door upon themselves and their victim. Ram lall, who fully appreciated the meaning of that threat of showing a prisoner a little police procedure, waited outside listening for the sounds he knew would come, and which did come—the first-fruits to him of his dearly purchased revenge. Those sounds came, but no groan of pain, no cry for mercy. He listened intently, and heard a scuffling of feet, a rapid whispering, and all was still. He waited on impatiently; minute followed minute; still that fatal door did not open. What devil's work was in progress within? Suddenly the door was opened an inch or two, and the chief police officer, with bare head, ghastly yellow face, and terrified eyes, beckoned him in, and shut the door quickly after him. Ram lall peered about in the dark room until, in a corner, he discerned his victim lying dead. This had been the result, then, of showing him their procedure, or, in plain words, of attempting to make the man confess to a crime he had not committed. The constables, with the sweat pouring like rain down their faces, and the gallows vividly before them, stood trembling with abject terror at the deed they had done. Then the Darogah, throwing his turban at the feet of Ram lall, besought him, saying, "Oh, Patail, you are our father, our mother, and all our kindred; we know none but you; we have done this thing in serving you, and you must save our necks. If we hang, you must most certainly hang too; so, in saving our necks, save your own also. You must pay us and pay others, but payment will not do all things. We did not mean to kill the man—we merely pressed him to answer some questions, and he died in our hands; but you are our king and master; you must and can save us." Thus having spoken, and after covering the body over with wood and straw, the four guilty ones crept out of the room, and shutting the door, took counsel together how to dispose of the body. In the mean time a sentry was placed over the door on the outside, to make it apparent to all comers that the prisoner was within, and also to keep all intruders on the dreadful secret inside from entering in. It was agreed that at night the body should be thrown into the great well at the back of the house, and it should be given out in the morning that the prisoner had escaped. When the body came to the surface again it would be apparent that, in remorse and despair, he had committed suicide. Thus settled, Ram lall re-entered his abode to face the inmates there, and one of them in particular, with a very troubled heart indeed. The long hot hours passed wearily away, and at last the fierce hot wind, tired of its boisterous blowing, died away, the hour of lamp-lighting drew near, the gossips gathered round the house, and, sitting on their heels, condoled with Ram lall on the loss of his property, complimented the police on their skill, and cursed the culprit for a wizard and a thief; for it was given out that the prisoner had confessed to the theft, and was to be taken to the station-house early next morning; and when it was told them that he had endeavored to connect other and respectable persons with the case, the curses against him were redoubled.

The evening grew on to night—the soft clear Indian summer night—the villagers departed one by one, and soon only the accustomed night sounds broke the stillness.

In the second watch of the night the great wooden gates of the Patail's court-yard were softly opened, and Ram lall himself, with the same stealthy tread as that with which he had on the previous night gone forth on his evil errand, stepped forth into the road, gazed and listened, held his breath and listened, then beckoned with his hand, and there issued out of the gate three men bearing something having the similitude of a human body. With rapid silent steps, without a word or a whisper, they passed like ghosts in the gloom; soon a faint splash broke for an instant the silence of the night, and four figures repassed with guilty footsteps through the gateway, and once again the great doors were softly shut.

Long before dawn there came the prisoner's brother and little sister to the gate, knocking and asking to be allowed to accompany their brother. Immediately there was no small stir within, and the news went forth that the prisoner had fled: for the police, in their tender mercy toward him, had loosed his handcuffs that he might sleep the easier. There was then no doubt of his guilt. But his brother seemed to have strange doubts and fears, and hung about Ram lall all day, asking for his brother, crying to him to deliver up his brother. Then said Ram lall: "How! do you say that I have got your brother?" "Ay!" said the young man; "you have killed him, and Bugwunt [God] knows it." Then Ram lall, in consultation with his friend the police officer, whose men had of course gone to hunt up the escaped prisoner, drew the young man into a shed, and, having gagged him, hung him by one arm to a lofty beam, and left him, saying, "Remember, I am master here; say again what you have just said, and the rope shall go round your neck instead of your arm."

The crowning incidents in this village tragedy had yet to be enacted. Two days passed away, throughout which the Patail's young wife had, after the impulsive fashion of her race, mourned her lost lover, and called for vengeance on her hated husband. Early on the morning of the third day, when the first faint blush of dawn reddened the sky, the girl arose and wandered out toward that great well she had visited once or twice before. Her heart was sore within her, and she had determined that she would run away from the cruel old tyrant who owned her, and seek elsewhere for the lover she had lost. When she reached the well she sat down on the low parapet which surrounded it, and looked down into the depths of the cool dark water which had so often fascinated her before. As she gazed the old thoughts came back again to her, and she began to wonder how it would be with her if she were lying still and dead down below. Suddenly it seemed to her that the still waters grew troubled and trembled, and in a moment there rose up, as though to meet and claim her, from their dark depths, with arms upraised and joined hands uplifted, as though praying to her for vengeance on his destroyer, the dead body of her lover. The waters had given up their dead; their terrible secret was disclosed. With a wild cry the girl started to her feet, staggered forward, and fell heavily into the well: her lover's grave became her grave too.

There is little need to dwell on the closing scenes of this sad story. Enough to say that, by dint of sowing money broadcast, Ram lall managed to hush the matter up. Inquests were held on the bodies, verdicts of suicide returned, and after a while the story began to be forgotten. It was not until six months had elapsed that Muneram's brother plucked up courage to go in and tell his story to the officials of the district, and then at last the whole affair oozed out. Witnesses whose lips had been hitherto closed from dread of the all-powerful Ram lall came forward; the policemen confessed their share in that wicked night's work; and all concerned were brought to trial, and received the punishment they had so justly merited.